

THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE LAW OF ACCIDENTS.

IN this calamitous season, when railroad and steamboat accidents are of such frequent occurrence that some journalist has coined the term "viaticide" to express the murder of travelers, it may be worth while to inquire what is the ratio of accidents to other deaths, and whether this ratio is fixed, advancing, or receding. M. A. Legoyt, the chief of the general statistical department of France, has lately published his inferences from his researches into the statistics of accidents in Europe and the United States. He has drawn up several comparative tables, from which we come to the following conclusions. We premise, however, that these results are only approximative, for the statistics of several countries have been ascertained for a single year only, and we have reason to believe that these statistics are not perfectly accurate, it being in most countries impossible to register every fatal accident. The ratio of fatal accidents to the population is greatest in England, next in Norway and the United States, being respectively 682, 679, and 575 to a million of inhabitants, and it is least in Russia, Spain, and Belgium, where it is respectively 201, 202, and 208 to a million. France occupies a middle place, the ratio there being 407 to a million.

The ratio of fatal accidents to the whole number of deaths does not seem to bear any close relation to the ratio of the population. In the United States it is 4.62 to 100 deaths; in Norway, 4.02 to 100; and in England 1.91 to 100. In countries where the number of accidental deaths is smaller these two ratios are almost proportionate. It certainly seems strange that more people in proportion die by accident here than in England, which is so much more thickly settled, and where there are so many mines, railways, and manufacturing. The proportion of such accidents among women and men seems to be nearly the same in all countries. It varies between one-third and one-fourth. In this country the rate is very exceptional, being 46 to 100, for which there is no apparent reason, as women in this country engage less in labor, both outdoor and in manufacturing, than in other countries. In France, from 1854 to 1864, the proportion was a little more than one-third in those struck by lightning. Of 967 killed, 698 were men and 269 women. This proportion is thought by M. Bondin to be dependent on occult causes, for it held good even in mixed groups of persons struck, where the number of women present exceeded the men. Men were sometimes singled out by the flash. There are about four persons wounded by lightning to every person killed.

The relative number of females killed by accidents is increasing, probably as they engage more in the active pursuits of men. Women are most frequently killed by burns, their dresses being often the cause of their meeting with accident, and their nature yielding more readily than that of men to the shock of fire.

In Bavaria burns are more common during summer than in winter.

Without a more thorough digestion of facts, it is impossible to say why accidents are relatively more numerous in one country than in another. In England the high rate of mortality may be laid to the enormous manufacturing and mining industry; and the rate in the United States may be partly ascribed to the same cause. Yet in Belgium, with quite as much of a manufacturing population, the rate is very low, as also in Saxony. We might say that the maritime industry of England would make the ratio larger, yet we find that out of 1,000 deaths in each country, only 170 are drowned in England to 403 in Belgium. Norway, too, has not much applied industry, and there, indeed, by far the greater number of deaths are owing to the sea, and a large number to the cold. The climate, habits, and mode of life in each country must be taken into account as well as the prevailing occupation. In England the greatest number of fatal accidents is caused by crushing and bruising; in the United States by burns and scalds; in all other countries drowning works the most harm. Next in order to drowning come falls; then burns, contusions, and suffocation. Drunkenness is the cause of much mortality; and there seems some error in the table of M. Legoyt, which states no deaths as occurring from that cause in the United States in the year 1860, the only year of which an account is given. In the year 1865, in New York city alone, there were 36 deaths from intemperance. In Spain we suspect another error, where 187 deaths out of 1,000 are ascribed to freezing, which is far more than in Norway, Sweden, or Russia. Last year in this city there were, excluding railroad and steamboat accidents, 733 fatal casualties; of these, 211 were due to crushing, and 173 of these to being run over; 163 persons were drowned; 78 persons were burned to death; and 156 were killed by falls. The rate of mortality from accidents is usually much greater in the country than in cities. In Paris from 1855 to 1861 only was this rule reversed. Of course, the kind of accidents vary in their nature, more people being drowned and fewer run over. In cities people are more careful of their children, and the authorities exercise greater vigilance than in the country, and persons who meet accidents are sooner cared for and attended to. Fatal accidents occur much more frequently in summer than in winter. This is, no doubt, owing to the greater number of active operations carried on out of doors and the greater freedom allowed to children, to whom the greater number of accidents happen. In Bavaria accidents constitute the largest cause of death to persons under twenty years of age, and in this range the greater number die before reaching five years. Drowning is the most frequent accident, especially with boys. Burns and poisonings are also very common, and more so in the country than in towns. The same accidents sometimes occur in one district more frequently than in another of similar situation. Thus the deaths by lightning are thirty-three times as great in the department of La Lozère than in La Manche.

Deaths from accident seem to increase more rapidly than the population or the rate of mortality. M. Legoyt's investigations show that in France there has been the following increasing ratio: From 1827 to 1830 there were 15 fatal accidents to 100,000 inhabitants; 16 from 1831 to 1835; 19 from 1836 to 1840; 22 from 1841 to 1845; 24 from 1846 to 1850; 25 from 1851 to 1855; and 28 from 1856 to 1860. This increase cannot be entirely accounted for by supposing greater exactness in the returns; the progress of material comfort and the utilization of labor by machines are not without their drawbacks.

Railroad and steamboat accidents, of course, increase

in frequency with the increase of travel and traveling facilities. Yet in this country for the last twelve years the number of fatal accidents to travelers has been comparatively steady at about 350 yearly. In 1861, from some unexplained reason, only 69 persons were killed and 88 seriously wounded. During 1865 the number of killed amounted to 1,788, greater than ever before, the year standing next being 1858, when 900 persons were killed. The causes of this immense mortality are partly material, four years of constant use during the war having put all roads and boats very much out of repair, and partly, no doubt, moral—there being a growing reckless of life, the natural concomitant of war, and a carelessness of all consequences provided expedition is gained and money made.

In regard to death by accident, there is the comfortable reflection that where the death is immediate it is nearly painless, besides the advantage of its very suddenness. In all railroad accidents there is a jarring and jolting which in some way numbs and deadens the nerves, so that the victims do not really feel the final shock. Those who are merely wounded in such an accident know nothing about it until it is all over, and many persons have afterwards found themselves in positions which they must have reached by their own exertions, and yet have no knowledge of anything subsequent to the first shock. In explosions the shock is as instantaneous as unexpected. Drowning is an easy death; in falling the breath and sense are usually gone before the descent is finished. At sea the exposure must bring on a certain numbness which renders one insensible to death. In all accidents sympathy is rather to be given to the unfortunate wounded who survive, or die in torment, than to those who died immediately on the occurrence of the catastrophe.

CARL CHRISTIAN RAFN AND THE ANTE-COLUMBIAN ERA.

AMONG the recent deaths in Europe was that of a writer and patiently enthusiastic inquirer who devoted many years to the illumination of that era of history—which, but for his light-giving labors, might justly be called mythical—connecting America with the old world five centuries before Columbus went begging from court to court for aid and patronage to carry out the noble frenzy which possessed him of proving the existence of a western sea-path to the Indies.

We allude to the death, at Copenhagen, of Carl Christian Rafn, distinguished as a critic, but more famous as an antiquarian and archaeologist. He spent all his maturity in the weird regions of Norse literature, awakening from their slumber of centuries the songs of the fateful Valkyrs; the echoes of the looms upon which were woven the doom of heroes; the clamors of the ale-quaffing gods of Valhalla; the inspirations of Thor and Odin, the religion of the strong arm; and, what was more tangible for historical purposes, the deeds and wanderings of the Vikings—those sea rovers and robbers whose adventurous thirst for greed and conquest became the providential prelude to colonization, and, in time, to civilization. Fulfilling his threescore and ten years, Christian Rafn lived to see his labors rewarded by suitable acknowledgment; and what appeared to be a misty bridge of romance, over which the legendary heroes of Norseland passed into the life of this continent, approved and recognized as an historical fact of deep and suggestive interest. It is this connection with American history that renders a more than passing mention of the Icelandic antiquarian eminently deserving and suitable.

Born at Brahesborg, in the island of Fünen, in 1795, young Rafn early fell under the attractive in-

fluence of Scandinavian song and story. The languages and literature of the North largely occupied his attention while at the gymnasium of Odensee, and immediately on the completion of his studies in the university, in 1814, he threw himself completely and devotedly at the shrines of ancient history and the poetry of northern Europe. For years he was their worshiper. His works remain their interpreter. Appointed sub-librarian in the University of Copenhagen in his twenty-sixth year, he commenced a revision of the Icelandic manuscripts. The importance of these documents suggested their preservation in less perishable form, and four years later, in 1825, he founded the Society of Northern Antiquities, with the design of printing the manuscripts extant, and revising in a competent manner the publications already made.

In this labor of love Rafn himself edited more than seventy volumes. He almost immediately published a Danish edition of the "Northern Heroic Histories," which was followed, in 1836, by the "Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbrog," one of the most famous of the Vikings, who, after many conquests over the Swedes, Norwegians, Saxons, Russians, English, Irish, and Scots, was captured about 865 in a great battle by Ella, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, whose territory he had invaded. Ragnar, hitherto invincible, was thrown into a dungeon and hung to death by vipers. He was a skald as well as a hero, and the "Death-Song" supposed to be chanted by him during his last moments is more reasonably thought to have been his war-song, enumerating his victorious deeds—the three concluding stanzas, alluding to his death and resignation to quaff ale upon a "high-raised throne" with gods in the halls of Odin, being supplied by his wife Aslauga. In 1829-30 Rafn published the "Fornaldar-Sögur Norlanda," a complete collection made from more than a hundred manuscripts, a great number hitherto unused, of the mythical tales of the North, a portion of which embrace the era of the "Heldenbuch" and the "Niebelungen." This northern anthology was followed, in 1832, by the "Färeyinga Saga" in Icelandic, with translations into the Färöese and Danish, the work being a history of the Färö people and the introduction of Christianity into the islands. He also edited the greater portion of the text of the "Fornmanna-Sögur," the principal collection of sagas, and translated a portion of them into Danish.

These studies and labors prepared him for his great work, that by which he is most widely known, "Antiquitates Americanæ, seu Scriptores Septemtrionales rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America," which was issued in 1837. Among the other works in which he largely participated was a new collection of sagas in twelve volumes, "Isendinga-Sögur," commenced in 1843. In his "Antiquitates Americanæ" Rafn accumulates evidence demonstrating that, in the ante-Columbian era, the Scandinavians and others had discovered America, and had from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries made frequent visits along a large extent of the North American coast. In the collection edited by himself and Finn Magnussen, "Historical Memorials of Greenland" (1838-1845), the historical and geographical details are elaborated.

The hypothesis of a knowledge of America by the Scandinavians long before the Columbian epoch was not new; but it remained for Rafn to make the romantic speculation a fact. Not only was an ante-Columbian acquaintance with America suggested by antiquarians and philologists before this century, which seems to be the allowed boundary if not for the rise, for the positive growth, of the idea; but we have evidence before us that speculation on the subject sufficiently strong for consideration existed two and a half centuries ago. In the "Mikrokosmos" of Peter Heylyn, printed in 1625, about the time James I. broke up the charter of the London Company, on the alleged unsettled state of the Jamestown settlement, and but a few years after the arrival of the *Mayflower*—when the continent was divided in two parts, all south of the Isthmus of Darien being called Peruviana and all north of it Mexicana, and that portion of the latter from Cape Fear river to Nova Scotia known as Virginia—at such an early date we find the cosmographer devoting considerable space to the theories of an ante-Columbian knowledge of this

continent. "Many," to use Heylyn's words, "are of opinion, and that rather grounded on conjectural probabilities than demonstrative arguments, that this America was known long before our late discoveries." The following, among other, reasons given illustrate the foundation of these "conjectural probabilities."

"Their first reason is drawn from the doctrine of the *Antipodes*, which, being among the ancient Philosophers, cannot but infer a knowledge of these parts; to which we answer, that there was indeed a knowledge of the *Antipodes* by demonstration only, but not in fact; or, if you will, we will say that it was known there were *Antipodes*, but the *Antipodes* were not known. Secondly, they say that *Hanno*, a Carthaginian captain, discovered a great island, but he (saith *Mela*) sailed not westward, but southward, and lighted on a great island, which, whatsoever it was (perhaps *Madagascar*), sure I am it was not *America*, and returned home, wanting not (as he told the Senate) sea-room, but victuals. Thirdly, they produce these verses of *Seneca* to infer a knowledge of this great country:

"—venient annis
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, nec sit terris
Ultima Thule."

"In after ages the time shall come
In which the all-devouring foam
Shall loose its proper bounds, and shew
Another continent to view;
Nor frozen Island shall we see,
The utmost part of th' earth to be."

Heylyn gives, and combats, other not more rational ideas on the subject, comforting himself with the conviction that Columbus, "considering the motion of the sunne," could not persuade himself but that there was another world to be lighted by his beams "after his departure from our horizon."

It is not our purpose to further follow the theories of the past; but to present a brief outline of the facts dug out of the northern records by Rafn, and lay them as a becoming chaplet on the fresh grave of the historian and life-long student of North American antiquities.

In Humboldt's "Cosmos," that grand index to the best results of the ablest inquirers, as well as to the extended experience of its indefatigable author, the labors of Carl Christian Rafn suggest and supply one of its most interesting narratives. Humboldt gives the results of Rafn's researches into and commentaries on the sagas and narratives of Eric the Red, Thorfinn Karlsefne, and Snorre Thorbrandsson (as well as others), probably written in Greenland in the twelfth century, and partly by descendants of settlers born on this continent in the ante-Columbian era. The care with which these narratives were prepared, and their consequent reliability, may be judged from the fact that "the length of the voyage, the direction of its course, and the times of the rising and setting of the sun, are all minutely detailed." In still further condensing the results, as given by Humboldt, Letronne, and others, in as brief and clear a manner as we can, we but simply display a small lamp to guide others to the treasures which we, as it were, but catalogue.

Accident first led the Northmen to America. Naddod, attempting to reach the Färöe islands, which had been already visited by the Irish, was driven to Iceland towards the close of the ninth century. Ingolf made a settlement there in 875; and the colonization was carried through Greenland in a southwestern direction. Thus the Färöe islands and Iceland were made intermediate stations for further enterprise. Notwithstanding the proximity of the opposite shores of Labrador, one hundred and twenty-five years went by—owing to the paucity of means for navigation in those remote and dreary regions—before the great discovery of America, which was made in A. D. 1000 by Leif, son of Eric the Red, by the northern route and as far as 41° 30' north latitude. The discoverer found the soil fruitful and the climate mild in comparison with that which he had left, and, delighted with the wild grapes found along the shore land, called it *Vinland it Goda*—Good Vinland. This tract, extending between Boston and New York, comprised parts of the present states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. It became the principal settlement of the Northmen, who had to contend with a warlike race of Esquimaux, who then, under the name of Skralinger, extended farther south.

From the Skralinger the Vinland colonists learned that further southward, beyond the Chesapeake Bay,

there dwelt "white men, who clothed themselves in long white garments, carried before them poles to which clothes were attached, and called with a loud voice." This was interpreted by the Christian Northmen to indicate processions, in which banners were borne, accompanied by singing. "In the oldest sagas, the historical narrations of Thorfinn Karlsefne, and the Icelandic Landnama book, these southern coasts, lying between Virginia and Florida, are designated under the name of *Heitramannaland*—Land of the White Men. They are expressly called Great Ireland (*Irland it Mikla*), and it is maintained that they were peopled by the Irish" (Humboldt, 607, Vol. II.) Testimony is extant, 1064, showing that some eighteen years before Leif colonized Vinland, Ari Mars-son, of the powerful Icelandic race of Ulf the Squint-eyed, was driven by storms on the coasts of *Irland it Mikla*, and there baptized a Christian. He was detained, and subsequently recognized by men from Iceland and the Orkneys. Some northern antiquarians claim, as the oldest native sagas call the first inhabitants men who had come from the west across the sea (*Vestmen Kommir til vestan um haf*), that Iceland was not peopled directly from Europe, but from Virginia and Carolina (Great Ireland). It is further ascertained that "the Northmen, when they first reached Iceland, found Irish books, mass-bells, and other objects which had been left by the earlier settlers."*

But to return to our Vinland colonists. Leif, who had previously been Christianized by St. Olaus, king of Norway, had no sooner settled his colony than he returned to Greenland and procured priests for the benefit of his people. Their labors were largely successful, and "in a short time most of the Northmen in America embraced Christianity; churches and convents arose in different parts rivaling those of Iceland in piety and learning."† Thorwald, Thorstein, and Thorfinn led settlers into the footsteps of Leif. Of these numbers still worshiped Odin and Woden, and of the missionaries who sought to plant the cross among them and lift them from the ritual of brute force to the manly dignity of peace and good will the most famous was Eric Upsi, subsequently made first bishop of Greenland. He returned to Vinland in 1121, leading a body of clergy and colonists, and became so devoted to his mission that he resigned his Greenland crozier and ended his days of zeal and Christian glory holding up the cross amid the Vinlanders. Having established settlements south of 41° 30' north latitude, the adventurers marked their enterprise by erecting three boundary pillars on the eastern shores of Baffin's Bay, 72° 55', northwest of Upernivik, the most northern Danish colony at present. The Runic inscriptions found in 1824 are dated 1135. Six hundred years ago our predecessors regularly went for fish to Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits, the first voyage of discovery being led by Greenland priests from Gardar in 1266. The record is kept with the usual particularity, the locality definitely described—mention being even made of the drift-wood that collected at their northwestern summer station, Kroksfjardar Heath, and of the abundance of whales, seals, walrus, and sea bears. This ante-Columbian epic breaks off suddenly near the middle of the fourteenth century, when a Greenland ship on its return voyage from Markland (Nova Scotia), with timber and building materials, was buffeted by the whelming winds into Straumford, in the west of Iceland. After this event the hitherto eloquent sagas are silent and dumb.

What became of the "white garmented" men and adventurers of Ireland it Mikla and the sea-rovers of Vinland it Goda? What! Did the teaching of Eric Upsi pass away with that good man, and did the animosities of race engendered in other scenes awaken here to set the Valkyrs weaving unchristian shrouds of blood? Did they exterminate each other, or were they exterminated or absorbed by the Indians? There is none to tell. Rafn, who searched so long for the answer and knows it now, cannot.

Such is a glimpse of the marvelously grand and romantic era in the history of America from which Charles Christian Rafn has swept the dust of ages.

* Letronne, Commentaries on "De Mensura Orbis Terræ." Written in 824 by the monk Dicuil.
† J. Gilmary Shea—"Catholic Missions in America," and his authorities—C. C. Rafn, etc.

Its weird, adventurous, solemn, and suggestive pageantry, the primitive heroism of the subject, the facts which make it history, and the close which shrouds it in mystery, are tempting incentives to the imagination and should not be lost sight of by our poets and fictionists.

REVIEWS.

MR. H. T. TUCKERMAN AS AN ESSAYIST.*

WE begin this criticism with some degree of hesitation and restraint. It is not pleasant to criticize severely those whose labors have been generously given to the cause of American letters, especially when they stand to you in the relations of friendship, and you feel toward them the warm sympathies of professional brotherhood; but this journal was established in the hope that, by just and honest criticism, without reference to names, whether eminent or obscure, the true interests of literature in this country might be advanced; and whatever we may say of Mr. Tuckerman, at this time, is intended to apply entirely to his writings, not at all to the man himself.

There are few persons in this country who have given themselves entirely to the essay field of literature, with no dependence upon some other profession, as a help to pecuniary success. Mr. Tuckerman is one of these few. His earliest writings were upon the same general subjects as his latest. Though he has written both poetry and fiction, yet his best efforts have been his contributions to reviews and magazines, and these have been in the same line of effort as that of the later British essayists, Jeffrey, Macaulay and Carlyle. Endowed, apparently, with an original aptitude for letters, his reading was early turned into specially literary channels, and in these he has always kept himself during many years of authorship; but this has been his peculiarity: he wrote as well in his earliest essay as he does now, and we have sometimes thought that, for simplicity of style and the single quality of readableness, his earlier compositions were his best. He has brought to the discussion of literary questions an ample knowledge, and always a wise and generous judgment, but he has become increasingly discursive in his methods of treating his subject, and has overlaid his own thoughts and opinions with such an array of choicest allusions to literature and art, and to the lives of artists and authors, that the spirit and aim of his essay disappears almost entirely. We think as an author that Mr. Tuckerman has made the mistake against which Sir Walter Scott jealously guarded. In the introduction to his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Scott says: "It was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business rather than the amusement of life. . . . Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick to the society of my *commis* instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library." This was a wise choice, and to it we owe, in fact, that broadness in Sir Walter's writings which makes them acceptable to all classes. But Mr. Tuckerman, it would seem from his published writings, finds his most genial and refreshing society among the favorite authors of his library shelf, and the living cotemporaries whose genius he admires and loves. With this, of course, we have no quarrel; for a man has a right to do as he chooses; but it has narrowed his tastes, injured his style, and weakened his whole intellectual force. Many writers with a tenth part of Mr. Tuckerman's widely-extended literary information have built up a solid reputation as critics and authors; but with him these choice stores have proved an encumbrance; they have deadened his own thoughts, so that, stripped of this mosaic of genial allusions, his opinions are but threadbare commonplace. Men who have strong and independent

minds have no patience with such elaboration of details; they cannot bend to it. Literature is well in its place; but when any writer takes this point of view alone, sooner or later he will regret his choice. It overlays freshness, and even to those who are at first charmed with it it becomes in the end "flat, stale, and unprofitable." He addresses the few instead of the many, and whatever may be his genius or his talent he misses the broad and noble catholicity of a great writer. With some good points, which we shall presently mention, this exclusively literary handling of every topic has been Mr. Tuckerman's chief defect and the cause why his really excellent qualities have not been appreciated.

We have other faults to find. The tendency to aimless or merely pleasant essay writing is very prominent in the literature of the day, and many of our best writers have directly encouraged it. It requires, indeed, less effort or pretension to write an essay than to compose a treatise; but a well-reasoned book is valuable and carries weight with it, while the light essay is nearly always superficial and fragmentary. The danger is that it shall merely frisk and play about a subject without ever penetrating to its depths. While this very aimlessness, which such writers as Mitchell, and Willis, and Tuckerman have encouraged, is enjoyed by many for its general light-heartedness, we look upon it as bad in its effect upon our literature; and the day when men can be popular for doing little things well is fast passing by. The demand of American readers upon our present authors is not that they shall simply amuse, but that they shall show the sharp, incisive, practical, pointed adaptation of thought to distinct purposes or ends, which is demanded by the shrewd and practical man of affairs. An essay which consists merely of elegantly expressed thoughts, in which the rude vigor of first ideas has been toned down, or in which the author uses stilted language, had better never have been written. We are writing upon the supposition that it is the bounden duty of every one who can write well and has anything to say, to say it so that it may be read gladly by the largest number of people. This is the final test of merit for every successful book, excepting, of course, those intricate works whose very peculiarity is that they must be confined to the few. Now, judged by such a standard—and it is the rule of practical life and practical judgments in literature—our indebtedness to Mr. Tuckerman as a literary educator is slight. There is no apparent reason, save the seductive ease with which a man may glean from books the materials for a literary reputation, why he should have confined himself so exclusively to the production of these brief and second-hand discussions. It is true they are interesting to a class; but, at the best, they are ephemeral literature, and a man who has shown the noble disinterestedness of Mr. Tuckerman in these delightful paths of effort should have built his own reputation upon a more enduring basis. We blame him for not having put his pen to some production which would enter the permanent literature of this generation, instead of publishing only collections of essays. We took up his last volume in the hope that this time he had done something different and not in the old vein; but we have been disappointed. This last is only a collection of essays, not a treatise, not a methodical book; and, in respect of diffuseness and a corrupt style, it is the worst he has ever published. But specially do we mark the absence of the inspiring vigor of a man who writes because his ideas will give him no peace till they are put upon paper. He goes all around a subject again and again; he says everything delightful about it; all the little suggestions are noted down; nothing but method is wanted to give the essay point and aim. Hence the impression derived from his works is vague and indistinct; hence they are hard reading. Indeed, nothing but the richness of his literary lore can carry the common reader through one of these essays. Take, for instance, the essay on newspapers in this volume, and we challenge any reader to give a synopsis of its contents directly after reading it. It has no order, or system, or beginning, or end. The plain influence of such reading is weakening to the mind. It is the worst kind of essay writing.

Our criticism must be still more pointed. Mr.

Tuckerman should be an exemplar in style. He shows an intimate familiarity with the makers of the best English sentences; he has evidently made it a study; but his own style is inflated, stilted, and bad beyond that of any other American author of note. And, lest this may seem too sweeping a criticism, we will give examples. Take the following:

"If this subject were *nomenclated* and analyzed in the *naturalistic* way, there is scarcely a sphere of humanity or a form of character which might not be identified with, or illustrated by, authorship."—P. 60.

If there is such a word in the language as "nomenclated" we have yet to learn by what authority it is used, and the whole sentence is stilted by the use of this and the word "naturalistic." Take another, from page 204:

"It is this idolatry of the immediate which *stultifies* republican perception. The conservative element of social life is merged in gregarious intercourse; the youth looks not up to age; the maiden's susceptibilities are hardened by premature and promiscuous association."

If a plain reader can enjoy such passages and at once understand their meaning, he is one of a thousand who cannot, or who are disgusted with such obscurities of language. And here is another of the same stamp, from page 207:

"In this country, while motives of hygiene limit inter-mural interments, and a higher impulse (?) sets apart and adorns rural cemeteries, our rail-tracks still often ruthlessly intersect the fields of the dead, and ancestral tombs are annually broken up to make way for streets and warehouses."

And this, from page 196, is too good to be omitted:

"The tendency to subterfuge in the less highly endowed is but an incidental liability."

Added to this, there is a tendency to heap up nouns either before or after the verb in such a way as to weaken the sentence. What an overloaded specimen is this:

"We must look to the ancient ballads, obsolete plays, and musty church traditions to ascertain what this hallowed season was in the British islands, when wassail and the yule-log, largess and the Lord of Misrule, the mistletoe bough, boars' heads, holly wreaths, midnight chimes, the feast of kindred, the anthem, the prayer, the games of children, the good cheer of the poor, forgiveness, gratulation, worship—all that revelry hails and religion consecrates—made holiday in palace, manor, and cottage throughout the land; winter's robe of ermine everywhere vividly contrasting with evergreen decorations, the frosty air with the warmth of household fires, the cold sky with the incense of hospitable hearths; when King Charles acted, Ben Jonson wrote a masque, Milton a hymn, lords and peasants flocked to the altar, parents and children gathered round the board, and church, home, wayside, town, and country bore witness to one mingled and hearty sentiment of festivity."

This crowded paragraph is meant to be vivid and picturesque. It is simply rhetorical and bad. There are too many nouns; the verbs are lost among them; and when the sentences are read aloud, it is not easy to take in their meaning. This is the extreme elaboration of a rhetorical style. There is a single verb lost in a wilderness of words. Like Dr. Huntington's written style, it can be well read by none but the one who wrote it; and the chief difficulty here lies in the awkward structure of his sentences; you never know how you are coming on in one of them till you reach the verb, which should always be near the end; but Mr. Tuckerman's verbs are wherever they can be stuck in, and hence carry awkwardly the burden of the sentence. Thus even his latest work abounds in many of the worst perversions of style, though they might easily be removed by adopting a simple method of writing. He does not, indeed, always write in this manner, but there is seldom a page in which there is not something vague in expression, or stilted in form, or awkwardly put.

We turn now, with more pleasure, to his good qualities as an essayist. And here the reader will notice, especially, the charity and good temper in which he always writes, and, so far as judgment goes, the adaptation of his writings as a guide to the best authors, though even here the works of the late Prof. Henry Reed are superior. These qualities of good temper and catholic judgment are, perhaps, more apparent in his "Biographical Essays" and uncollected papers than in the present volume; but his intimate familiarity with the best literature and his wise judgments are also the redeeming characteristics of these more discursive essays. Mr. Tuckerman's influence

* "The Criterion; or, The Test of Talk about Familiar Things. A Series of Essays." By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 16mo, pp 377. 1866.

in thus creating a taste for literature among the young has been great, but would have been far, far greater, had he adopted a more familiar and graceful mode of expression. We gratefully acknowledge, in this respect, a large indebtedness ourselves, and have no doubt many hundred young men might be found in the country to whom Mr. Tuckerman, by his charity and kindness and good sense, has been a guide and a help. One of his best essays in this volume under criticism is the one on authors, and this educational influence is thus delicately traced partly in an autobiographical vein. In the absence of first-class critical journals, men in Mr. Tuckerman's position have been in a sense the high autocrats of letters, and we sincerely believe that he has always been conscientiously true to his chosen profession.

Mr. Tuckerman is also a genial writer. If his stilts were removed, if he used no large words, and only expressed himself in such unexceptionable English as Mr. Bryant's, this would be at once seen by every one; but his verbiage largely conceals it. His themes are genial. The talk about inns, authors, doctors, pictures, holidays, newspapers, preachers, bridges, cannot but have a pleasant and charming flow, and if a writer like Robert Lowell held the pen, and used the knowledge which Mr. Tuckerman has gleaned from generous reading, the result would be one of the most genial volumes ever written. And this quality is not missed in these pages. Excepting his "Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer," the best volume he ever wrote, they are in this respect the most attractive and winning papers he has published. The topic, its easy treatment, the genial authors whose peculiarities are referred to, and the personality which veins the whole, make them attractive. They are really excellent for their genial catholicity. There is, indeed, nothing new, but the illustrations, the shades of character, the glimpses into choice experiences, clothe familiar thoughts with a pleasant newness; and to this single feature we doubt not "The Criterion" will be indebted chiefly for its success. There is enough in it to make one of the finest books ever written, but its outer dress, excepting the typography and binding, which with Hurd & Houghton are always excellent and in good taste, is enough to condemn the best book that mortal man ever penned.

J. H. W.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Letters of Life." By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. D. Appleton & Co.: New York, 1866. Pp. 414.

THESE letters form one of the most charming biographies that we have met with for many a day. Written with all the freedom of private correspondence, and characterized by that indescribable attractiveness of style which marks the epistolary effusions of women, they are not so verbose as to be tedious, nor so egotistical as to be disgusting. They comprise the record of seventy years, and were evidently penned hard upon the limit affixed to human life by the Psalmist. We find in these letters very few extracts from "my diary," which so often form a large portion of autobiographies and memoirs, and no records of ill-defined longings, which one is tempted to think are sometimes composed with a view of leaving a good impression of the composer upon those who may survive him or her. No suspicion of this sort can attach to this book. Moreover, the work is pervaded by a most commendable spirit. Charity for all and malice towards none might be written on the title-page. Mrs. Sigourney evidently accustomed herself to discern the good qualities of those with whom she came in contact, or, at least, to keep to herself whatever faults they might possess.

There are in these letters many charming pictures of New England life in the early part of the present century which we would like to transfer to these columns, but we have not the space; this picture of the author in her girlhood, however, is so naive that it cannot be passed by:

"My costume was simple, and unconstrained by any ligature to impede free circulation. Stays, corsets, or frames of whalebone I never wore. Frocks low in the neck, and with short sleeves, were used both winter and summer. Houses had neither furnaces nor grates for coal, and churches had no means of being warmed, yet I

cannot recollect suffering inconvenience from cold. Thick shoes and stockings were deemed essential, and great care was taken that I should never go with wet feet. Clear, abundant wood fires sparkled in every chimney, and I was always directed, in cold seasons, to sit with my feet near them until thoroughly warmed, before retiring for the night. A dress of white muslin, with a broad sash of pink or blue, was my highest style of decoration. There was no added ornament, save thickly clustering curls, not the gift of nature, but the production of my mother's untiring care and skill. This adornment, with scrupulous neatness, was all that she desired for her darling. The care of my teeth she reserved to herself, and made it no sinecure. Their pearly whiteness seemed sometimes to excite her vanity, and it was a proportionally keen disappointment to her that the second set should make their appearance of rather too large a size, and palpably uneven. My daily ablutions, as well as the stated and more thorough weekly bathings, she personally superintended. With equal gratitude I may respond to the filial ascription of Cowper:

"The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
With her own hand, till fresh they shone, and glow'd."

A little further along is an amusing description of an occurrence in church which those of our readers of Yankee origin will fully appreciate. The leader of the choir referred to is described as having

"An innate love for those brisk fugues where one part leads off and the rest follow with a sort of belligerent spirit. In these he occasionally indulged, thinking, probably, that the ancient prejudice had better be dismissed, or would be more honored in 'the breach than the observance.' Acting on this principle, he one Sabbath morning gave out a tune of the most decidedly lively and stirring character, which we had taken great pains in practicing. Its *allegro, altissimo* opening,

"Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,"

startled the tranquillity of the congregation, as though a clarion had sounded in their midst. The music, being partially antiphonal, comprehended several stanzas. On we went complacently until the last two lines:

"No bolts to drive their guilty souls
To fiercer flames below."

There was the forte of the composer. Of course, it was our duty to give it full expression. Off led the treble, having the air, and expending *con spirito* upon the adjective 'fiercer,' especially its first syllable, about fourteen quavers, not counting semis and demis. After us came the tenor, in a more dignified manner, bestowing their principal emphasis on 'flames.' 'No bolts, no bolts,' shrieked a sharp counter of boys, whose voices were in the transition state. But when a heavy bass, like claps of thunder, kept repeating the closing word 'below,' and finally all parts took up the burden, till, in full diapason, 'guilty souls' and 'fiercer flames below' reverberated from wall to arch, it was altogether too much for Puritanic patience. Such skirmishing had never before been enacted in that meeting-house. The people were utterly aghast. The most stoical manifested muscular emotion. Our mothers hid their faces with their fans. Up jumped the titling-man, whose office it was to hunt out and shake refractory boys. The ancient deacons slowly moved in their seats at the foot of the pulpit, as if to say, 'Is not there something for us to do in the way of church government?'

We learn from these letters that Mrs. Sigourney published fifty-six books during her life, besides more than two thousand articles contributed to nearly three hundred different periodicals. The critical reader of the book, probably, will question the taste of the authoress in citing commendatory notices of her own works by native and foreign reviewers. Thus she quotes, on page 367, the following, by Miss Edgeworth:

"Few persons of genius have possessed what Mrs. Sigourney appears to have—the power of writing extempore on passing subjects, and at the moment they chance to be called for. She must have great command over her own mind, or what a celebrated physician used to call 'voluntary attention,' in which most people are so lamentably deficient that they can never write anything well when called upon for it, or when the subject is suggested and the effort bespoken. Those powers are twice as valuable that can well accomplish their purpose on demand. Certainly, as it respects poetic gifts, those who give promptly give twice. How few, even of professed and eminent poets, have been able to produce any effusion worthy of their reputation, or even worth reading, on what the French call '*des sujets de commande*,' or what we English describe as on the 'spur of the moment!' Gray could not—Addison could not. Mrs. Sigourney's friends will doubtless be ready to bear testimony that she can."

Those who have formed their opinion of Mrs. Sigourney from the fugitive rhymes bearing her name which so frequently appeared in the public press upon the death of any of her friends could not be expected to look for any humor in her mental composition. But they were mistaken. Her readiness at expressing sentiments in a rhythmical form made her the victim of countless applications for a "few lines on the death" of all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, to accede to all of which would have been a sheer impossibility. For a time she kept a record of

such requests, some of which we quote from the book:

"To write an ode for the wedding of people in Maine, of whom I had never heard, the only fact mentioned by the expectant bridegroom, author of the letter, being that his chosen one was the youngest of ten brothers and sisters. A poem requested on the dog-star, Sirius. Desired to assist a servant-man not very well able to read in getting his Sunday-school lessons, and to 'write out all the answers for him, clear through the book, to save his time.' A lady, whose husband expects to be absent on a journey for a month or two, wishes I would write a poem to testify her joy at his return. An almost illegible letter, requesting an elegy on a young man who was one of the nine children of a judge of probate, and 'quite the Benjamin of the family,' the member of a musical society, and who, had he lived, 'would likely have been married in about one year.' It is added that his funeral was attended by a large number of people; and 'if I let them have a production on his death,' I am desired to dedicate and have it published for the benefit of a society whose name I cannot decipher. To prepare the memoir of a colored preacher, of whose character and existence I was ignorant. The document stated that the plan was to raise two thousand dollars by the publication of his biography and sermons, to present to his wife and nine children; who, it would seem, were all free, in health, and able to support themselves. A hymn to be sung at the anniversary of a charitable society, for which I had recently furnished one; the argument adduced being that 'a new one every year was interesting and advisable.' Epitaphs for a man and two children, with warning that only two hundred and fifty letters must be allowed in the whole, as the monument was not large enough to contain more. A piece to copy in the album of a lady of whom I had never heard, requested by a gentleman 'to be sent as soon as Saturday afternoon, because then he is more at leisure to attend to it.' To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on a 'pain in the back of the neck.' A letter from utter strangers, at a distance, stating that a person who had been in their employ had come to settle in this city, and they wished some pious individual to have charge over him and warn him against evil company. That they should not thus have selected me had they known of any other religious person in Hartford. They express apprehensions that he is going to set up the 'rum-selling business,' and propose, in a postscript, that when I obtain an interview, I should 'wait and see whether he will own Christ unsolicited.' An album from a clerk in a store, given him by another clerk in another store, to be written in for a young lady, of whose name he was not quite certain, and the 'most he knew about her was, that she was a very rich girl.' The owner of a canary-bird, which had accidentally been starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses. A stranger, whose son died at the age of nine months, 'weighing just thirteen pounds, would be glad of some poetry to be framed, glazed, and hung over the chimney-piece, to keep the other children from forgetting him.' Solicitation from the far West, that I would 'write out lengthy' a sketch of the loves of two personages, of whom no suggestive circumstances were related, one of whom was a journeyman tailor, and the name of the other, 'Sister Babcock,' as far as the chirography could be translated. A father requesting elegiac lines on a young child, supplying, as the only suggestion for the tuneful muse, the fact that he was unfortunately 'drowned in a barrel of swine's food.' To draft a constitution for a society in a distant state, whose object is to diminish the reluctance of young people to the writing of compositions. A funeral hymn for a minister when he should die, he being now well, and preaching as usual. A monody for the loss of a second wife, fortified by the argument that I had composed one at the death of the first. Epistle from a stranger, saying his wife was likely to die, and had a young babe, and wishing some poetry to be written in such a way that it would answer for mother and child, should both be taken by death."

We have only to say, in closing this brief notice of "Letters of Life," that the book is a charming memento of Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, whose name is a household word in every Christian family in the country. Though not properly a subject for literary criticism, it is vastly more sensible and readable than most of the biographies of good people that are issued from the press, and is a conspicuous contradiction of a somewhat prevalent notion that good children never attain to old age.

"Snow-Bound: A Winter Idyl." By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Pp. 52.

OF this little winter idyl of seven hundred lines Mr. Whittier incidentally wrote to us: "You will take it for what it is, a simple picture of country life and all years ago. Its writing served to beguile hours of languor and illness, and I hope may do as good service to the reader." The poem is, indeed, a "picture," describing in a musical and easy flowing way familiar scenes of old-time New England life. The action is dramatic, and not unlike that of Dr. Holland's "Bitter Sweet."

The time is in mid-winter:

"The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,

And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon."

The particular locality of the scenes described is an old farm-house shut in by drifted snow. The storm rages without, the nightly "chores" are finished, and around the roaring fire the family circle is gathered:

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

Before the living characters are introduced, the old friends that have passed away are remembered:

"We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that we read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since he who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

The characters introduced are only those included in the family circle: the father who

"—rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;"

the mother, who

"Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town;"

the uncle,

"—innocent of books,
But rich in love of field and brooks;"

the aunt,

"The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate;"

the elder sister,

"A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just;"

the district schoolmaster, who

"Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls;"

and the careless boy,

"Large-brained, clear-eyed—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be;"

There is another character, and one not to be forgotten, a beautiful young woman,

"Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways;"

and the imagination of the poet makes almost real the presence of the little one,

"Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise."

The company lingers around the blazing logs till a late hour, but

"Sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new."

In the morning every thing is indeed "snow-bound," and the simple story culminates with the quiet employments of inland life during a week of separation from the outer world. The village paper arrives, and then

"We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!"

Thus calling to mind the pleasures of the past, the poet concludes with these lines:

"And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warn them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;

The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air."

We do not think that "Snow-Bound" will increase Mr. Whittier's reputation as a poet, and it is quite likely that it may take away from it with those who do not consider the circumstances of its production. As it was written to beguile the weariness of a sick chamber, it is hardly open to the usual criticisms. We can only say that it will doubtless fulfill the desires of its author, and serve as good a purpose to its readers as it did to its writer. It is a homelike story, in some parts sweetly told, but nowhere worthy the pen of the author of "Maud Muller." We hope Mr. Whittier will use returning health in the production of at least a more distinctive poem.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. HURD & HUGHTON have just published, in handsome style, a volume of verse by Miss Elizabeth Bogart entitled "Driftings from the Stream of Life." The larger portion of this volume appeared in bygone years in the columns of the New York *Mirror*, which was a favorite and, for the time, a clever literary journal. It brought into notice a number of writers, male and female, who have since achieved more or less reputation; and, of course, a much larger number who have passed into oblivion. If our remembrance serves us, it nurtured quite a brood of female poets, Estelles, Cleanthes, Sapphos, and what not besides, who were looked upon as American Hemanses and Landons. Miss Bogart's signature was "Estelle," and what she wrote over it was quite up to the fugitive verse of the rest of the sisterhood. If one could only read it by "the light of other days"—the days when Mrs. Hemans was spoken of in the same breath with Byron and Wordsworth, and Miss Landon (then mysterious L. E. L.) was a love of a poetess—why, it would, perhaps, seem poetry. But Mrs. Browning in verse and the Brontës and Miss Evans in fiction have changed all that, substituting a higher standard of criticism for the intellectual efforts of woman, who is judged to-day by what she can do, not for what she is—as a writer, in short, and not as a divinity in crinoline. How well or ill Miss Bogart is able to bear this "higher law" in criticism we prefer to leave her readers to decide.

WE don't know how many different editions there are of the works of the late Washington Irving (nor, for that matter, how many works he wrote), but the prettiest that we have seen is the "Riverside Edition" which is now in course of publication, the last two issues being "The Alhambra" and "Wolfert's Roost." The size of these volumes is a trifle below a 12mo, the type clear and black, and not too crowded; the paper good, though rather thin. Of the contents, it is too late in the day to speak either well or ill; for, whatever our opinion may be, there is no denying the fact that Irving is a classic on both sides of the water, and is likely to remain so for some time. Who may rise and "push him for his seat"—the chair occupied in turn by Addison and Goldsmith—cannot, of course, be foreseen; but it is safe to predict that it will be a very different sort of man from any known essayist of the present day. It will not be "The Country Parson," who was written out long ago; nor Mr. Alexander Smith, whose "Dreamthorpe" is certainly pretty; nor the essayists of the *Saturday Review*, who are as superficial as they are brilliant. Nor, even, Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose essays are far superior to Irving's in weight of thought, and quite equal to them in clearness and precision of style. As regards style, it has always seemed to us that Irving has been overrated; partly because he writes so pleasantly, and partly because he has not been subjected to a comparison with his masters. The late Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote much better English; better, because, while it equaled his in purity, it was more felicitous and manly, and far more imaginative. As we said before, however, Irving is a classic, which ends the matter, as far as present criticism is concerned.

Miss or Mrs. Elizabeth A. Thurston edits a handsome and, in some respects, a unique volume of extracts, with the not very intelligible title of "Mosaics of Human Life." The extracts in question, of which there are some two hundred and fifty or thereabouts, mostly in verse, have more or less bearing on the lives of men, women, and children, which are not divided, as in Shakespeare, into ages, seven or otherwise, but into epochs and conditions, of which there are six, namely, "Betrothal," "Wedded Life," "Babyhood," "Youth," "Single Life,"

and "Old Age." The order of the divisions does not appear to us particularly happy, though it would not be easy, perhaps, to find one which would not be open to objections of some sort. Passing to the extracts themselves, the first fault that we find is that the majority of them are too short either to do justice to the subjects touched upon or the writers quoted from; in other words, they are too scrappy. In the second place, too many are merely fragments of poems—stanzas from poems of no great length which ought to have been given entire or not at all. We have, for instance, only thirteen out of twenty-four stanzas of Coleridge's beautiful poem, "Love," which is re-christened "Genevieve"—a doubtful condensation, which squeezes out the song sung by the poet to his "guileless Genevieve," and by which, quite as much as the time and place, she may be supposed to have been won. We have but two stanzas of Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison;" but two stanzas of the Hon. William Robert Spencer's delicious *vers de société* addressed to Lady Anne Hamilton, and those not correctly given—the second line of the first being "Unheeded flew the hours," not "The minutes flew like hours;" but one stanza of Mr. N. P. Willis's pleasant poem, "The Annoyer;" but one stanza, including the chorus, of William Julius Mickle's best poem, "There is nae luck about the house;" but one stanza of old Richard Edwards's "Amantium Iræ;" but twenty-two lines of Mr. James Russell Lowell's "Threnodia;" and but five stanzas of Mr. Longfellow's "Maidenhood." These are trifles, perhaps, but they detract from the permanent value of the volume by making what could never have been very complete more incomplete than was necessary. It is handsome, however, as we have said, and very readable in parts. Witness this half sad, half merry poem by old Walter Savage Landor, who has not left his peer behind him:

THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king—
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it, then, be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said,
"Oh, I am quite
Bewildered with affright:
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round—
Fair as she was, she never was so fair!

The "Mosaics," we had almost forgotten to say, are published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MR. JAMES P. HOLCOMBE, LL.D., had an idea such as does not often come to book-makers when he conceived the plan of his beautiful volume, "Literature in Letters," just published by the Appletons; and, what does not always accompany an idea of this kind, he had the capacity to carry it out. The conception might have come to a man of ordinary reading, but it could only have been executed by a man of wide and discursive knowledge, a lover of all sorts of books, particularly biography, criticism, and gossip, *ana*, in short, such as are the delight of book-worms. The chief sources from which Mr. Holcombe has drawn his materials are known to us, of course; for who is ignorant of the letter-writing quality of Madame de Sévigné, Samuel Pepys, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Montagu, Lady Russell, Horace Walpole, William Cowper, Alexander Pope, Jonathan Swift, Thomas Gray, Lawrence Sterne, Robert Burns, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Byron, and other worthies who figure in his pages? But the richness of the materials is a surprise even to those who, like ourselves, are to some extent familiar with it. Mr. Holcombe divides them into six books, the first being set apart to "Gossip, Society, and Manners in Letters;" the second to "Letters of Pleasantry, Sentiment, and Fancy;" the third to "Sketches of Nature, Art, and Travel in Letters;" the fourth to "Public History Illustrated by Letters;" the fifth to "Literary Biography, Anecdote, and Criticism in Letters;" and the sixth to "Letters of Moral and Devotional Reflection." If these divisions do not cover pretty thoroughly the ground suggested by the title, it would be difficult to imagine any that would. For our part, we are satisfied with them, and more than satisfied with the abundance of good things which Mr. Holcombe has provided for our

delectation. The book which is most to our individual liking is the fifth, which opens with a letter of John Milton to Leonard Philara, containing an account of his loss of sight, and closes with a letter of Hannah More to Zachary Macaulay about the attainments and the promise of his son, Master Thomas Babington Macaulay, of whom some of us have heard in connection with a number of clever essays, a few lays concerning ancient Rome, and an unfinished history of England. Between these men—for we soon dismiss from our minds good Mistress Hannah, with her "Sacred Dramas," her "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," and her what not besides in the way of heavy morality—between Milton and Macaulay lies the whole modern literature of England. We have Pope writing to Arbuthnot and Steele; Gray to Dr. Wharton; David Hume to Adam Smith (who Adam Smith was, and what he did, the readers of Buckle will remember); Burke to Robertson; Walpole to Mason; Gibbon to Mrs. Partens; Sir William Jones to Lady Spencer; Burns to Mr. Thomson; Walter Scott to Joanna Baillie and Southey; and poor, sick Thomas Hood to the secretary of the Manchester Athenæum. Hear Milton on his blindness: "In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little corporeal exercise. The candle which I looked at seemed as if it were encircled with a rainbow. Not long after, the sight in the left part of the left eye (which I lost some years before the other), became quite obscured, and prevented me from discerning any object on that side. The sight in my other eye has now been sensibly and gradually vanishing away for about three years; some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless, everything I looked at seemed in motion to and fro. A stiff, cloudy vapor seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasions a sort of somnolent pressure upon my eyes, and particularly from dinner till the evening. So that I often recollect what is said of the poet Phineas in the "Argonautics:"

"A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,
And when he walked he seemed as whirling round,
Or in a feeble trance he speechless lay!"

"Later experience," writes Hood in reference to his deep obligations to literature, "later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow—how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for too meager diet—rich fare on the paper for short commons on the cloth." That we think there are dishes of this "rich fare" in the banquet before us the reader may have already inferred.

THE "Atlantic Monthly" for March contains a couple of stanzas evidently written to fill out the page:

SNOW.

The summer comes and the summer goes.
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The sparrows go darting through fragrant lanes,
And, all of a sudden—it snows!

Dear heart! our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know winter is gone—by the flowers,
We only know winter is come—by the snow!

The conceit of the last two lines is pretty but not original, being borrowed from Mr. R. H. Stoddard's ballad of "The Children in the Wood:"

"They knew 'twas winter by the wind
And summer by the flowers."

FOREIGN.

Mr. SEBASTIAN EVANS, if that be his real name, is the author of quite a remarkable volume of verse, lately published in England, under the title of "Brother Fabian's Manuscript and Other Poems." He reminds us, in some respects, of Mr. Robert Browning, whom, it is easy to see, he admires; nevertheless, he is not without a natural vein of his own. The poems in "Brother Fabian's Manuscript," nine in number, are all on medieval themes, such as may be supposed to have interested a monkish poet five or six centuries ago. Among them is the old legend of "The Three Kings of Cologne," "Judas Iscariot's Paradise," and "Charlemagne's Daughter," the historical episode, if it be such, of the princess falling in love with Eginhard, and to save him from detection, carrying him on her shoulders through the snow which had fallen during the night he spent in her chamber. The last subject is handled with grace, and somehow suggests the young Keats; not the finished poet of "The Eve of St. Agnes," but the tender, melodious dreamer of "The Pot of Basil." The other poems, of which there are between thirty and forty, mostly on modern subjects, show a greater range and more originality in treatment. "A

Harvest Home," one of the best of them, is a free and hearty picture of the festal country life of England, which ought to take its place in all collections of rural poetry. Admirable, likewise, is a stately dirge on the late William Makepeace Thackeray, who appears to have been a personal friend of the writer. We give below one of the shorter pieces:

A ROUNDELAY.

Come sit beneath the hawthorne tree,
And press thy lips to mine:
I have a merry song for thee,
Will cheer thy heart like wine,
O well the bonny heath may smile,
The lark sing clear above:
For we will love a little while,
Though all in vain we love.
And green the leaves should be o'erhead,
The bracken brown beneath:
For oh, that thou and I lay dead
Upon the bonny heath!

THE Rev. Henry Hart Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, of whom as a poet the world has not heard much of late years, has recently published a volume of translations from the Greek, consisting of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Bacchanals" of Euripides, and passages from the lyrics and later poets of Greece. A portion of these translations dates back to between 1820 and 1830, when Dean Milman was professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, and when he delivered a course of lectures on the history of Greek poetry. These lectures were in Latin, as was the fashion then, but the translations by which they were interspersed were in English verse; destroying the lectures at a later period, Dean Milman preserved his translations, on account of the interest they excited at the time of their delivery, and has since made a complete version of the works which they originally illustrated. The most successful portions of his translations appear to be the choruses and lyrical passages, of which the following, from the "Agamemnon," descriptive of the flight of Helen from her home, is a good specimen:

"Bequeathing the wild fray to her own nation
Of clashing spears, and the embattled fleet,
Bearing to Troy her dowry—desolation,
She glided through the gate with noiseless feet,
Daring the undareable! But in their grief
Deep groaned the prophets of that ancient race:
'Woe to the palace! woe to its proud chief,
The bed warm with the husband's fond embrace!'
Silent there she stood,
Too false to honor, too fair to revile;
For her, far off over the ocean flood,
Yet still most lovely in her parting smile,
A specter queens it in that haunted spot.
Odions, in living beauty's place,
Is the cold statue's fine-wrought grace.
Where speaking eyes are wanting, love is not.
And phantasms, from his deep distress unfolding,
Are ever present with their idle charms:
And when that beauteous form he seems beholding,
It slides away from out his clasping arms.
The vision! in an instant it is gone,
On light wing down the silent paths of sleep!
Around that widowed heart, so mute, so lone,
Such are the griefs, and griefs than these more deep
To all from Greece that part
For the dread warfare: Patient in her gloom,
Sits Sorrow, guardian god of each sad home,
And many woes pierce ranking every heart.
Oh, well each knew the strong, the brave, the just,
Whom they sent forth on the horrid track
Of battle: and what now comes back?
Their vacant armor, and a little dust!"

Dean Milman's blank-verse is not so happy as his lyrics, though he moves therein with grace and ease. He is more compact than we should have imagined he could have been, as may be seen by a passage from Clytemnestra's address to Agamemnon:

"I, that have borne all this with soul unblenched,
May now address my lord in happier phrase.
Thou, watchdog of the unattainted fold!
The main-stay that secures the straining ship!
The firm-based pillar, bearing the lofty roof!
The only son to childless father born!
Land by the lost despairing sailor seen!
Day beaming beautiful after fierce storms!
Cool fountain to the thirsty traveler!"

These nine lines are expanded to sixteen in the version by Symmons, who has, we think, considerably weakened the force of the original:

"But now my soul, so late o'ercharged with woe,
Which had all this to bear, is now the soul
Of one who has not known what morning is,
And now would fain address him thus, e'en thus
This is the dog who guards the walled fold;
This is the main-sheet which the sails and yards
Of some tall ship bear bravely to the winds;
This is the pillar whose long shaft from earth
Touches the architecture of some high house
A child who is the apple of the eye
To the fond father who has none but him;
Ken of the speck of some fair-lying land
Seen by pale seamen well-nigh lost to hope

A fair day, sweetest after tempest showers;
A fountain fresh with crystal running clear,
To the parched traveler who thirsts for drink."

About one half of Dean Milman's volume is filled with translations of select passages of Greek poetry from Pindar to Nonnus, most of which, particularly a chorus from the "Supplices" of Æschylus, are admirably done.

MR. JOHN DAYMAN has recently finished a translation of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, the first third of which, the "Inferno," was published by him twenty-three years ago. Ten years elapsed before he published the "Purgatorio," and now we have the work complete—the "Paradiso" having been rendered under the influence of the great Dante festival of last spring. One of Mr. Dayman's critics, who speaks well of his translation in the main, gives the following as a partial list of Dante's translators:

"M. Grangier first published his translation of the entire poem in 1596; the second edition of which appeared in the following year, and was dedicated to Henry the Fourth. The first Englishman who attempted it, would seem, a translation of the 'Divina Commedia' was Rogers, who, in 1782, published his version of the 'Inferno'; but it was not till twenty years later, in 1802, that Boyd published his translation of the whole poem. Out of the fourteen French translations, twelve appeared in their places at the festival of Dante literature which followed at Florence the festival of the poet; but of the fourteen English translations there were only four—those of Cary, O'Donnel, Wright, and Rossetti."

MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER writes a letter to the *Athenæum* in reference to his reprints of old English poetry, which he proposes to carry on to a third volume:

"Some might like my reproductions better if they were dearer; for I know people who are of opinion that by making our old national literature a little more known I am reducing it in marketable estimation. Look at my last issue, Robert Greene's 'Mirror of Modesty'; it is absolutely unique; there is but one copy of it in the world. I have reproduced it with all exactness; but if it were to be brought to the hammer to-morrow I would myself give £50 or more for it, though I then should not obtain it, because there are buyers of such rare and estimable commodities at any price. My reprint costs only thirty pence—about one halfpenny for every pound sterling at which I value the original; but although it contains every word, syllable, letter, and stop of that original, it does not reduce its value by a single penny; it only makes a comparatively few people better acquainted with it."

MR. R. BARING GOULD has recently published a curious volume entitled "Were Wolves," in which he gives a pretty full history of the superstition, which at one time prevailed largely in the northern parts of Europe, that certain individuals were endowed with the doubtful faculty of changing themselves, or of being changed, into wolves. This belief, which is not yet extinct, was strongest in the middle ages; the Norwegians and Icelanders had a separate name for the transformation, and called those whom they supposed endowed with this gift "not of one skin." All the Scandinavians believed that men upon occasions changed into animals, and showed animal bloodthirstiness and power. Even in southern Europe, down to the end of the sixteenth century, the Holy Office made cases of metempsychosis or lycanthropy the subject of investigation and punishment. The victims often believed in their own guilt, resembling in this delusion the victims of the Salem witchcraft. One of the most curious cases in Mr. Baring's volume is that of Jacques Roulet, of Angers, from which we extract a passage or two:

"In 1598, a year memorable in the annals of lycanthropy, a trial took place in Angers, the details of which are very terrible. In a wild and unfrequented spot near Cande some countrymen came one day upon the corpse of a boy of fifteen, horribly mutilated and bespattered with blood. As the men approached, two wolves, which had been rending the body, bounded away into the thicket. The men gave chase immediately, following their bloody tracks till they lost them; when suddenly crouching among the bushes, his teeth chattering with fear, they found a man half naked, with long hair and beard, and with his hands dyed in blood. His nails were long as claws, and were clotted with fresh gore and shreds of human flesh. This is one of the most puzzling and peculiar cases which come under our notice. The wretched man, whose name was Roulet, of his own accord stated that he had fallen upon the lad and had killed him by smothering him, and that he had been prevented from devouring the body completely by the arrival of men on the spot. Roulet proved on investigation to be a beggar from house to house, in the most abject state of poverty. His companions in mendicancy were his brother John and his cousin Julien. He had been given lodging out of charity in a neighboring village, but before his apprehension he had been absent for eight days. Before the judges, Roulet acknowledged that he was able to transform himself into a wolf by means of a salve which his parents had given him. When questioned about the two wolves which had been seen leaving the corpse, he said that he knew perfectly well who they were, for they were his companions, Jean and Julien, who possessed the same secret as himself. He was shown the clothes he had worn on the day of his seizure, and he recognized them immediately; he described the boy whom he had murdered gave the date

correctly, indicated the precise spot where the deed had been done, and recognized the father of the boy as the man who had first run up when the screams of the lad had been heard. In prison, Roulet behaved like an idiot. When seized, his belly was distended and hard; in prison he drank one evening a whole pailful of water, and from that moment refused to eat or drink. His parents, on inquiry, proved to be respectable and pious people, and they proved that his brother John and his cousin Julien had been engaged at a distance on the day of Roulet's apprehension. "What is your name, and what your estate?" asked the judge, Pierre Héralut. "My name is Jacques Roulet, my age thirty-five; I am poor and a mendicant." "What are you accused of having done?" "Of being a thief; of having offended God. My parents gave me an ointment; I do not know its composition." "When rubbed with this ointment do you become a wolf?" "No; but for all that I killed and ate the child Cornier; I was a wolf." "Were you dressed as a wolf?" "I was dressed as I am now. I had my face and my hands bloody because I had been eating the flesh of the said child." "Do your hands and feet become paws of a wolf?" "Yes, they do." "Does your head become like that of a wolf—your mouth become larger?" "I do not know how my head was at the time; I used my teeth; my head was as it is to-day. I have wounded and eaten many other little children; I have also been to the sabbath."

PERSONAL.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND has already realized over fourteen thousand dollars on the copyright of his "Life of Lincoln."

MRS. CHANDRON, of Mobile, has nearly ready for the press the translation of a popular German novel.

MR. JAMES R. SPALDING, we are pleased to announce, is nearly recovered from his recent prostration, and will soon be able to resume literary labor.

MR. J. G. SAXE enjoys the honor of a place in Beeton's "Companion Poets," a series of piratical reprints of American poets, the name of which appears to have been filched from a similar series published last year by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The *Athenaeum*, in a pleasant notice of the volume, speaks of Mr. Saxe

"As a writer of sparkling and occasionally pungent *vers de société*, who has for many years enjoyed wide popularity in the United States, and ought to meet with similar acceptance in England. His longer and more laborious productions—the two satires in Popean verse—cannot be mentioned as satisfactory efforts in a kind of poetry in which the attempts have been numerous and the successes very few during the last hundred years."

The critic then proceeds to quote two of Mr. Saxe's poems, "My Familiar" and "A Reflective Retrospect," the last of which he thinks an imitation of a poem of Præd's:

"Mr. Saxe's imitation of Præd's 'School and School-fellows' is the more remarkable, because he makes no mention of the brilliant Etonian when, with an air of scrupulous honesty, he names the writers to whom he is indebted for thoughts or language. Præd, it should moreover be observed, is not the only poet whose music and wit are reproduced by the American imitator, who in turn reminds his English reader of Byron, Barham, and other familiar writers. Sometimes the imitation is obviously meant for the reader's notice; but in several places it seems to be unintentional on the part of the author."

A DAUGHTER of Mary Howitt is preparing for the press "A Year in Sweden with Frederika Bremer."

DR. VÉRON, whose work, "Le Bourgeois de Paris," was very popular, is continuing his memoirs, which will treat of the period between 1848 and 1863.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER has written a new play, entitled "The Life and Death of Raleigh," which is to be produced at Easter—where, it is not stated.

THE paragraphists announce a new poem by Mr. Tenyson, the name of which they are not able to give, though the subject, they tell us, is classic. We put no faith in their gossip.

MR. THOMAS HOOD is about to edit "Moxon's Standard Books for Penny Reading."

A. K. H. B., the "Country Parson" of "Fraser's Magazine," has a paper in the February number of that periodical entitled "Presbyterian Sermons from Archbishop Churches," and containing an account of Drs. Park and Robertson, whose posthumous sermons have attracted a good deal of attention.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has a paper in the February number of the "Cornhill," in which he defends himself from a charge brought against him by the *Saturday Review*, that he speaks slightly of his countrymen. "My Countrymen" is the title of his article.

DR. DAREMBERG has lately published a curious work, "Physic in Homer; or, Archaeological Essays on the Physicians, Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, and Physic in the Homeric Poems."

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE is said to be the writer of "The

Leaders of English Politics," a series of sketches of living English statesmen which has appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and which are about to be published in book form. Mr. Palgrave is chiefly known in this country by his editing "The Golden Treasury."

WE have to announce the death of the German poet Frederick Rückert, who died on the first of February, at his residence near Coburg, at the age of seventy-six. He had been slowly sinking for six months or more, but his mind retained its brightness to the last; at the time of the unavailing of the statue of the late Prince Consort, at Coburg, he was not able to be present, but he sent a pretty sonnet to the Queen. He was the last of the great German poets of the older day, and his poetry was much liked by his countrymen; outside of Germany he was chiefly known as an Oriental scholar. He made the language of his native land run fluently in the meters and styles of the Persian poets, and succeeded in presenting the maxims of the Brahmins tersely. Judging by his choice of subjects, he was rather an Oriental than a German poet.

MISS BRADDON is to take charge of a new magazine.

MR. JAMES C. WELLING, of Washington, has resumed his position as leading editorial writer for the *National Intelligencer*. Impaired health has compelled his withdrawal from work for nearly a year.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A WORK will be published during the coming summer with the following title: "William Woodbridge: His Life, Letters, and Speeches; edited by Charles Lanman." Though born in Connecticut, Mr. Woodbridge was one of the earliest emigrants to the Northwest territory, and as a lawyer, a judge, a governor, and a senator in Congress he was for more than a third of a century honorably identified with the history of the territory and state of Michigan. Mr. Lanman was himself born in Michigan, long enjoyed the personal friendship of the late senator, and will undoubtedly enter with spirit into the history of his distinguished friend. His "Private Life of Daniel Webster" and his plodding labors on the "Dictionary of Congress" have undoubtedly prepared him for the task he has now undertaken. We are requested to state that any correspondence or information touching the biography in question will be thankfully received by Mr. Lanman, at Georgetown, District of Columbia.

MR. GEORGE W. CARLETON announces "Les Travaillieurs de la Mer," by Victor Hugo.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS have in preparation "Our Summer in the Harz Forest," by a Scotch family; "Hidden Depths," "Studies for Sunday Evening," by Lord Kinloch; "Raleigh: A Historical Play," by Martin Farquhar Tupper; "Sweet Counsel: A Book for Girls," by Sarah Tytler; and a new edition of "Talpa; or, The Chronicles of a Clay Farm."

MESSRS. WALKER, FULLER & Co. will shortly publish "Massachusetts in the Rebellion," by P. C. Headley; "History of the Second Massachusetts Regiment," by Rev. A. H. Quint.

MESSRS. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON announce "Lectures on the Treatment of Neurosis by the Constant Galvanic Current," by Dr. Robert Remak.

MESSRS. THOMAS NELSON & SONS have in the press "Giant Cities of Bashan," by Prof. Porter, and "History of English Literature," by Francis Collier, LL.D.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE is about to reprint a collection, entitled "Traveling Sketches," from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. EDMUND YATES has a new novel in the press, "Land at Last."

PROF. CHARLES KINGSLEY is about to publish a "History of England for Boys."

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND announces "Lives of the Seven Bishops."

PROF. BLACKIE has in preparation "Homer and the Iliad."

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has nearly ready "A Short History of England."

MISS SARAH TYTLER has in the press "Sweet Counsel: A Book for Girls."

MR. F. TROLLOPE has nearly ready a novel entitled "An Old Man's Secret."

MR. W. C. BENNETT, one of the minor English poets, has in preparation "A Ballad and Song History of England, and the States Sprung from Her: A Book for the People."

MESSRS. HILTON & Co. have nearly ready "Too Good

for Him," "Love's Conflict," and "Woman as Woman," three novels by Florence Marryatt.

MR. W. T. PRITCHARD, late her Majesty's consul at Fiji, is about to publish a volume of "Polynesian Researches."

MR. LEWINS, author of "Her Majesty's Mails," has in the press a "History of Savings Banks."

A R T.

ART NOTES.

A COLLECTION of the works of Mr. George H. Hall is now on exhibition at the Somerville gallery, 845 Broadway. Fruit and flower pieces abound in this collection—subjects in which Mr. Hall chiefly excels. There is a great deal of luscious color and juicy mellowness in the fruit objects of this artist, and connoisseurs will remark an additional merit in the artistic manner of their arrangement, as well as in the painting of the accessories by which they are surrounded. There are one or two small heads in this collection which are painted with force, but we cannot say as much for Mr. Hall's *genre* pictures of Spanish character. There is a certain charm of color in them; the pencil of the artist who painted them seems naturally to run to fruitiness, but the drawing of the figures is so faulty as to damage materially the effect. These pictures are to be sold by auction, in the gallery, on the evening of Monday, the 12th instant.

AN English critic has lately been commenting upon the prevalence of "apple green" in the skies painted by some American artists. In English skies this tint is extremely rare—indeed, we do not remember ever having observed it in them to any noticeable extent. Close observers of nature, however, will frequently see it in our American skies, and generally on the clear space that lies between the bars of cloud over the setting sun and the horizon. It has often been caught by the pencil of Church—very successfully, for instance, in his "Twilight in the Wilderness." It is surprising how many people miss what is grandest in the phases of nature, and go through the world with their eyes fixed upon the dross only. When Davis's fine water-color picture of a sunset at Niagara Falls was on exhibition some years ago, we heard several persons object to the crimson bars above the horizon, saying that such a sky never could have been seen in nature. We had the pleasure some years later of standing upon the brink of the great Falls in company with one of those very persons on a fine autumn evening. The sun was going down in splendor, and the crimson bars were there. We pointed them out with some triumph to our companion, who then acknowledged the phenomenon; but he never saw it, though, until we showed it to him.

"LA VIA APPIA" is the title of a fine picture, by Oswald Achenbach, now on show at Schaus's gallery, on Broadway. Oswald paints landscapes even better than his brother Andreas does marine subjects. The picture in question takes in a long stretch of the Campagna, with a picturesque ruin in the foreground, and a glimpse of the well-paved Appian Way. It is near sunset, and the great charm of the picture lies in the misty obscurity in which the lines of the retiring landscape are wrapped. The pearly-gray tones of this fine picture are delicious.

WHILE we are writing these art notes, the old Düsseldorf gallery is offering a new attraction to the picture fanciers. The collection of pictures—chiefly foreign—some time on exhibition by Mr. S. P. Avery, to whom they have been consigned, are on free exhibition in that gallery, preparatory to their dispersal by the stern decree of the auctioneer. Among the few native American pictures in the collection, Church's "Twilight in the Wilderness" holds a prominent place, and is a center of attraction for the visitors. The artist has lately given a few finishing touches to this picture, which add materially to its force. The water-color drawings and sketches here on view are worthy of special consideration, many of them being from the pencils of foreign artists of great renown.

MR. MATTHEW B. BRADY has offered to the New York Historical Society his very large and valuable photographic collection of war views and portraits of representative men of the United States. The society in accepting it has promised to set apart for its exhibition a room in its new building to be erected in the Central Park. In order to compensate Mr. Brady for the time and money he has expended during the past twenty-five years in collecting these pictures, it is proposed to obtain a fund of \$30,000 to be given to him, subscriptions to which are solicited by the society. So deserving an object should not go a-begging, nor do we believe it will. The money ought to be raised within a month. Shall it not be?

apathy belongs more properly to the professedly religious papers than to this journal. Whether it be the introduction into the pulpits, so frequently within the last ten or fifteen years, of subjects confessedly secular, or the inordinate love of gain which has been stimulated by the rare chances for amassing wealth that the war afforded, or the entire absorption of the public mind in public affairs during the recent conflict, we do not presume to decide. Doubtless each of these considerations has had some effect upon the conscience of the people. We have stated what we believe to be an undeniable fact, leaving others to account for it.

And now the obvious question is, How long shall this thing be? Is this Christian nation to be so only in name? Is New York city to become the Paris of the new world, and the United States the counterpart on this continent of France in irreligion? These inquiries demand the sober consideration not of professed Christians alone, but of all who value public morality above public immorality. There are some indications of an increased interest in religious things in many of our churches, but as yet no perceptible influence upon the general public is manifest. Surely no man, be his religious preferences what they may, but would welcome the spread of this interest throughout the land as the only antidote to the apathy which is so prevalent, and which so seriously threatens to eradicate the great principles upon which this great nation was founded.

GIFTS AND GRANTS.

WE are not aware that any journal has criticised General Grant for accepting the gift of one hundred thousand dollars from gentlemen of this city. It may be that this is because they have no doubt of the propriety of such an act, or it may be because they do not dare to speak freely of one so popular as the Lieutenant-General of the United States armies. At all events there is a wonderful silence upon the subject, and this in view of the universal commendation of President Johnson for refusing to accept last year a pair of horses and carriage from a number of gentlemen in this city.

We do not hesitate to say that we regard the acceptance of this gift by General Grant as a very great impropriety, and altogether unbecoming one in his position. Whatever may have been his taste in other matters—and it certainly has been conspicuous at times—in this particular act we think he has greatly erred. To receive a gift from an organized society or club is quite another thing. But in this instance the purse is presented by individuals, and in such a way as to compel an obligation on the part of the recipient. The obligation cannot be avoided. The names of the donors are all made public. General Grant knows very well out of whose pockets comes the money to feather his own, and, in accepting the bounty, he puts himself under the most positive and unmistakable obligations. We leave it to any reader to judge whether it is right for one holding such a position to lay himself open to this respectable bribery.

We will not aver but that the funds contributed on this occasion came most willingly and with no thought of any possible reward on the part of the donors. We are glad to think that worthy deeds are so appreciated. For all this we do not feel that it is incumbent upon any score or two of citizens to take it upon themselves to express the thanks of the nation, and in such a way as to give them an advantage over others, and those poorer than themselves. General Grant belongs to the whole country, and is not a mendicant for millionaires to patronize. There has been too much of this servile patronage already. There has been a scrambling to see who could push themselves into the closest intimacy with a present general and a possible president. We will not give names when they are so apparent to every one. Many have wished that General Grant would hold himself a little more reserved, and superior to the toadyism and flunkeyism of wealth. But in this, of course, he is his own judge. The people, however, will not fail to see and to criticise, and if he prefers the honors of individuals to those which the nation can give, then will respectable bribery increase his cof-

fers if not his real friends. There is but one course for an official, and that is always and ever to refuse gifts. Especially out of place is it for a general at the head of the national armies to accept donations of any kind.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

TRADE flags in the metropolis. There are plenty of would-be buyers, but they will not purchase; goods are abundant, but merchants cannot sell them. The uncertainty about the financial future, especially the fear of low prices, chills enterprise, checks production, and paralyzes trade. Nor is there any likelihood that matters will mend. Political excitement runs so high, and our present Congress is so extreme, ill-tempered, and ignorant touching financial matters, that there is no prospect of wise legislative action on monetary topics for months to come, if at all.

Indeed, we have lost all hope of any wise measures being taken to get back to a sound business basis during the life of the present Congress. There is really but one thing to be done to cure our financial disorders, but from that the business world and the general public shrink with horror. The press which depends for its life upon the mercantile community does not even dare discuss this one cure-all. The day that sees the legal-tender act repealed will witness the beginning of a new commercial epoch starting from a sound foundation; but until that is done we shall have doubt, perplexity, financial disorder, and a fearful waste of capital and labor.

The idea of getting back at once to a specie basis seems to appall every one who holds currency or goods. It is not a pleasant operation to be deprived at one blow of one-third of your apparent wealth, and that is what going back immediately to a specie basis means. So the prospect is that Congress and the country will prefer to live in a fool's paradise for several years to come, and flounder back to a specie basis at infinite cost, through a disordered trade, checked production, and constantly recurring panics.

The policy of Secretary McCulloch, which has been substantially indorsed by the American people, is to steadily contract the currency until the green-back dollar, now worth about 73 cents, rises to the par of gold. This period of contraction will probably be about as long as the period of inflation, say four years. There will be this difference, however. The period of inflation was an apparently prosperous season. Enterprise and production were stimulated because of the certainty of higher prices. Hereafter they will be checked because of the assurance of lower prices. We had plenty and prosperity during the war; we shall have poverty and acute suffering all the way back to specie payments.

The misery of the present business situation is that it compels the giving and following of advice which of itself is bad advice. We must say to the manufacturer, "Do not produce any more than the immediate market will consume; you must limit production because prices tend downward." To the merchant we must say, "Do not extend your connections or give credit or show enterprise, for if you do you will surely net a loss at the end of the year." And so through all the ramifications of trade. The cities are gorged with inhabitants who cannot be housed, yet no one dare build at present prices. The farmer will not raise crops, the manufacturer dare not produce, nor the merchant stock his warehouse or give credit, because of the lowering future. Labor is already superabundant, and mechanics and unskilled workmen will soon be needy and presently clamorous, discontented, and seditious.

Secretary McCulloch is just now popular. People think he is on the road to the heaven of specie payments by short and pleasant stages. By the end of the present year he will be execrated, and before two years are over he will be driven from office amid a storm of curses. All this will be very unjust, of course; but there must be a scapegoat for the popular cowardice and folly, and he who represents it must meet the fury of the storm.

Let it be distinctly understood that the source of all our coming woes is our false measure of value; there is no cure for it but a specie currency, and the only way to get that is an immediate repeal of the legal-tender act.

INFANTICIDE IN AMERICA.

THE annual report of the Nursery and Child's Hospital of this city, read at the anniversary of the institution last week, contains the following startling statement: "It is only a careful reader of the journals of this great city who can form an adequate idea of the frequency of child murder, a crime, unfortunately, as statistics prove, of more common occurrence in this country than in European countries," and subsequently the report states that "to those whose attention has been directed to this harrowing subject, it is well known that it is not by the lowest and most degraded that the crime of infanticide is oftenest committed. It is those in whose breasts the sense of shame is not only not wholly dead, but on whom it inflicts its keenest pangs, that this temptation too often haunts and finally overpowers." Such a revelation as this, though couched in very general terms, must challenge the attention of every one to whom the subject has any interest. While we doubt not but that this statement is founded upon facts that came to the knowledge of the managers of the institution, we believe that statistics will show that the majority of women in this country who have committed the crime of infanticide are of foreign birth or descent. This horrible crime is far more prevalent in Europe than in this country, as official records attest. But while American women shudder at the thought of murdering their offspring, they do not shrink from a deed which, though not amenable to law, is, nevertheless, a hardly less heinous offense against the law that is higher than any human enactment. Though we do not mention the name of this monstrous practice, no one who may read these words will be at loss to interpret our meaning. The law provides for the punishment of abortion, but only when effected by one person upon another. No penalty is prescribed for the sufferer, whether the crime be practiced by herself or by another at her solicitation. The extent of this evil it were hard to estimate. Only physicians and the victims of it know how large a number of women are so lost to the noblest feelings of their sex as to risk the loss of health and even life itself in the hope of securing exemption from the responsibilities of maternity. No better evidence of the prevalence of this crime is needed than the immense sums of money expended annually in advertising various mixtures which, it is claimed, will accomplish ends too base to be specified in these columns. The country newspapers swarm with them, whence it is to be inferred that these vile compounds find the greatest sale in the rural districts. The best city papers will not defile their sheets with such announcements, and the papers throughout the country ought to refuse, peremptorily, to insert them on any considerations whatsoever.

We are aware that this is an extremely delicate subject; that the mere mention of it is generally confined to the medical profession and to those who know of its deleterious influence by bitter experience. Yet we claim that it is in no wise improper. And, for the sake of those who are ignorant of the moral offense they commit in killing their incipient offspring, we hope for a public sentiment that will affix the same stigma upon this crime that now very justly attaches to infanticide.

We print, elsewhere, a letter from a gentleman interested in American letters, who alleges that a movement is on foot to bring public opinion to bear upon such publishers as are determined to oppose the enactment of an international copyright law. He gives certain statements respecting the methods to be pursued which will doubtless interest the publishing fraternity.

It seems to us that our friends in this matter are altogether too fast. It does not appear as yet that any publishing house has refused to sign the petition or announced its determination to oppose the passage of this just and necessary law. It is time enough to talk about fighting when any opposition manifests itself. We intend to keep this matter before Congress and the country, and if any publishing house proposes to enter the lists, they will probably have rather a rough time of it, as the current of public sentiment is altogether in favor of the authors and the proposed international copy-right law.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

II.

THE firm of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., formed, in 1850, by purchase of the stock and good-will of Grigg, Elliot & Co., consisted of Joshua Ballinger Lippincott, Henry Grambo, Edmund Claxton, George Remsen, and Benjamin B. Willis. Of these Messrs. Grambo, Claxton, and Remsen had been partners with Grigg & Elliot. Mr. Lippincott had carried on the business for several years, and he brought Mr. Willis, who had been associated with him, into the new publishing firm. Mr. Grambo retired from the firm in 1855, and the house then assumed the title of J. B. Lippincott & Co., by which it has since been known. Mr. C. C. Haffelfinger and Mr. John A. Remsen, each of whom had had over twenty years' experience in the house, became partners in 1858. At the close of 1860 Mr. Willis retired, the copartnership then having expired by limitation, and Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of the late publishing house of Childs & Peterson, was admitted a member of the firm, but retired in the following summer. Mr. J. B. Mitchell, who had been associated with Mr. Lippincott for many years in the bookbinding business, became a partner in 1864, at which time the binding wholly merged in the publishing and bookselling establishment. The firm now consists of J. B. Lippincott, Edmund Claxton, George Remsen, J. B. Mitchell, C. C. Haffelfinger, and John A. Remsen.

The premises, 22 and 24 North Fourth Street, being too limited for the extended and still extending business of J. B. Lippincott & Co., and it being impossible to find adequate accommodation in a business center, it was resolved to erect a new and splendid building of sufficient extent in a leading thoroughfare. The site selected, forming 715 and 717 Market Street, on the north side, between Seventh and Eighth Streets, running clear through to Filbert Street, occupies 356 feet on that line, is 41 feet wide on the Market Street façade, and over 100 feet wide on the Filbert Street end. This building was commenced in February, 1862, and was taken possession of for business occupation and purposes in March, 1863. The design was to have a very extensive store, at once substantial and handsome, with express adaptation to the book-making and book-distributing business. It differs from Messrs. Harpers great store in Franklin Square, New York, in being wholly occupied by its owners, whereas in the Harper building the stores on the first floor are rented off.

The building in Market Street, which was completed nearly three years ago, consists of five lofty stories over a basement which is at once deep, extensive, well lighted, and thoroughly ventilated. The edifice is in the shape of a reversed L—the broad end being on Filbert Street, with a height of six stories over the basement. The façades are fronted throughout with dove-colored marble, and the building, not loaded with excess of ornament, is by far the most handsome private business edifice in Philadelphia. The first floor, entered from Market Street, without any ascent, is over sixteen feet high, with complete adaptation of ventilation and light, forming a saloon two hundred and fifteen feet long and forty feet wide. The retail business is conducted at the south or Market Street extremity under the active supervision of Mr. Jesse Parry, formerly of the house of Parry & Macmillan, corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, successors to Carey & Hart. A vast quantity of books upon every variety of subjects—medical, educational, military, legal, theological, belles-lettres, and miscellaneous, with an extensive stock of photograph albums—mostly in handsome bindings—occupy the shelves down to the various counting houses and partners' private offices. The second floor is chiefly appropriated to stationery, and the three floors above are filled with surplus stock of all kinds, so systematically arranged that any article can be supplied at a moment's notice. In the basement, which underlies the whole extent of the building, school-books and heavy stationery are deposited in large quantities. When the intention of extending this already mammoth fire-proof building is carried out, so as to permit the printing and book-binding (still executed in the large

premises corner of North Fifth and Cresson Streets, into which these branches of production overflowed when the publication and book distribution was done in North Fourth Street), this will be a book establishment inferior to none in this country, and larger than any in London. There, indeed, with very few exceptions (chief among which is the new book-store of Longman & Co., in Paternoster Row), the book-stores of even the princes of "the trade" are dingy in appearance, inconvenient, badly constructed, and chiefly to be regarded with interest on account of their antiquity. Even the business of John Murray, the great aristocratic publisher, is transacted in a plain dwelling-house on Albemarle Street, with parlor windows. Indeed, until recently, when, having been burnt out, Longman & Co. had to rebuild their premises, the only book vender's and publisher's store of any importance erected for the special purpose, in London, was the immense "Temple of the Muses," in Finsbury Square, put up by James Lackington chiefly for the second-hand book trade—the same who wrote and published a very amusing autobiography, in which he spoke more frankly of himself and his own takes and mistakes than self-historians usually do. The whole cost of the premises of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., in Market Street, including the purchase of the site and the completed construction, as at present, was \$350,000. The business of this house consists of publishing, printing, and binding, foreign importation, and general distribution of books and stationery.

Among the more important publications of J. B. Lippincott & Co. are Bibles and prayer-books in every variety of size, binding, and price; library editions of the novels of Scott, Brockden Brown, J. P. Kennedy, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton; of Hume, Smollett, Gibbon, and Macaulay; Kirke's "History of Charles the Bold;" the historical works of W. H. Prescott; the standard poets and dramatists, and many other works of pure literature, history, biography, law, medicine, science, art, criticism, and education. "The Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," a large volume royal 8vo, edited by Dr. J. Thomas and T. Baldwin, assisted by other writers, has supplied a *desideratum*, and the new edition, now near completion, will be all that can be desired. Dr. Thomas is author, also, of "A Comprehensive Pronouncing Medical Dictionary," post 8vo, pp. 704, published last year, containing the pronunciation, etymology, and signification of the terms made use of in medicine and the kindred sciences, with an appendix comprising a complete list of all the more important articles of the *materia medica*, etc. This is a smaller volume than Dr. Dunglison's, but has been found extremely comprehensive and reliable. Beck's "Elements of Medical Jurisprudence," now in the twelfth edition, is published by this house; Parson's "Treatise on the Law of Promissory Notes and Bills of Exchange," and Scribner's "Law of Dower." In medicine and surgery the list is large, including, *inter alia*, Da Costa's "Medical Diagnosis," Surgeon-General Hammond's various works, Smith's "Principles and Practice of Surgery," Sir James Syme's "Practice and Principles of Surgery," and, pre-eminent among this class of works, "The United States Dispensatory," by Drs. Franklin Bache and George B. Wood, first published over thirty years ago, and now in the twelfth edition. Of this work, which did for medicine in this country what corresponding works by Dr. Duncan and Dr. Thompson had previously done in Scotland and England, over 88,000 copies have already been sold. Dr. Bache, who died in the spring of 1864, actually received proceeds upon the sale of 79,000 copies. Dr. Wood, his associate in the work, who, indeed, executed much the greater portion of it, is now president of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia.

Of course such extensive publishers were called upon, during the war, to produce a number of military works. In more peaceful departments of science they also participated, as publishers of more finely illustrated works—Spencer F. Baird's "Mammals and Birds of North America;" Professor Chauvenet's "Manual of Spherical and Practical Astronomy;" John Cassin's "Illustrations of the Birds of California, Texas, Oregon, British and Russian America;" Girard's "Herpetology of the United States Exploring Expedition under Commodore Wilkes;" Hum-

phreys and Abbott's "Mississippi Delta Report;" Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind and Indigenous Races of the Earth;" Sloan's architectural works, and the numismatic works of Dr. Dickeson and Mr. Rosa Snowden, formerly director of the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia. As for educational works, the list alone would fill several columns. In connection with Messrs. Merriam, of Springfield, Mass., the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. has long participated in the publication of the various series of Dr. Noah Webster's dictionaries. In like manner, too, this house has issued, in this country, in conjunction with Messrs. William & Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh and London, the most important of their numerous publications, such as the "Information for the People," "Cyclopedia of English Literature," "Miscellany and Repository," "The Book of Days," and "Chambers's Encyclopedia," largely illustrated with wood-engravings and original maps, to be completed in nine volumes, of which the eighth is now nearly ready for the binder.

The success of this arrangement with Messrs. Chambers, by which fac-simile editions of valuable works are simultaneously published in Philadelphia and in "the old country," has recently led to a great extension of that description of business by J. B. Lippincott & Co., one of the firm having been in Europe for some months past, where he has concluded negotiations with the leading publishers in Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Germany, which will largely introduce their publications into this country at lower rates than they can be sold for when only small quantities are imported. The principal British publishers with whom J. B. Lippincott & Co. have thus become engaged are Longmans, John Murray, Churchill & Sons, Chapman & Hall, Bell & Daldy, Bagster & Sons, Day & Son, Adam & Charles Black, W. Collins, Smith, Elder & Co., W. & R. Chambers, etc.

It is claimed that J. B. Lippincott & Co. were the first manufacturers of photograph albums in this country. We have heard that, in the summer of 1860, soon after *cartes-de-visite* came into fashion, a photograph album, brought over from Paris, came into Mr. Lippincott's hands. He determined to enter upon the manufacture to supply a want which, it was easy to imagine, must soon be felt and met. The binding in the original specimen appeared very slight, and, indeed, the book exhibited a tendency to fall to pieces on even slight handling. Mr. Lippincott introduced the making of albums upon linen guards, by which strength and flexibility are both secured. The manufacture of these albums has ever since been a large and lucrative part of the business. The prices vary, from the pocket album, bound in cloth, with gilt edge and clasp, to hold twelve views, and sold at 85 cents, to the imperial quarto size, four views on a page, to hold two hundred views, richly bound in Turkey morocco, at \$31. One album made here, for a Californian customer, was priced at \$500.

The binding executed by Messrs. Lippincott is especially good. Some time ago a *chef d'œuvre* of this art was produced which excited no small admiration in Europe. Of "Schoolcraft's History of the Indian Tribes," in six large quarto volumes, with illustrations, one copy, beautifully bound, was presented to the United States government ten years ago. The book had been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., and its binding was also intrusted to them. The volumes were richly bound in Turkey morocco, and emblazoned with the respective initials of each royal and imperial recipient, over which the emblems of the American republic were placed. A similarly bound copy was reserved for Mr. Fillmore, who was President at the time. A large number of volumes bound by Lippincott & Co.—invariably presentation copies—are in Queen Victoria's private library, at Osborne.

Mr. Henry C. Carey, the well-known political economist, himself son of a Philadelphia bookseller, and formerly in "the trade," once described J. B. Lippincott & Co.'s as being "the largest book-distributing house that exists in the world." It supplies books from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from New Orleans to Newfoundland. It has about 8,000 customers, some of whom pay at least \$40,000 a year for publications and stationery. The mere cost of

boxes and packages for the conveyance of orders exceeds \$20,000 a year. The sale of school-books extends to millions per annum. The number of persons employed, at various salaries, exceeds 500 per week. In the binding-rooms the outlay for gold-leaf is over \$20,000 a year.

We have been favored by Mr. William S. Washbourne, who holds a confidential position in this house, with a memorandum of the number of boxes of books which have been dispatched to customers by this house and its immediate predecessor. Between 1834 and 1849, both years inclusive, the greatest number of boxes thus sent out varied from 1,257, in the year 1842, to 3,806 in 1847, 4,090 in 1848, and 5,030 in 1849. This last number was more than doubled in 1850, the first year of Messrs. Lippincott & Co. taking the business, and the figures up to the present time are:

Year.	Boxes.	Year.	Boxes.
1850	6,184	1858	12,364
1851	7,019	1859	13,757
1852	8,589	1860	14,477
1853	10,810	1861	10,554
1854	11,489	1862	11,419
1855	11,451	1863	13,688
1856	12,070	1864	13,829
1857	11,745	1865	15,549

We notice that in the very bad year, 1842, the business sensibly declined. It grew dull towards the close of 1857, which was also a panic year, dropped down from 14,477 boxes in 1860 to 10,554 in 1861, and rallied from that time until the end of the war, the year 1865 being by far the most prosperous yet enjoyed by the house. Hitherto, the opening business of the year 1866 indicates a still further extension. The newly-established "relations with foreign powers," which will come into operation in the present year, must lead to a considerable increase in business. Beyond all comparison, it is said, the house of J. B. Lippincott & Co. is unequalled in the extent of its transactions by any firm in the same line in this country or in London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, March 3, 1866.

No one, observant of the signs of the literary activity of the day, can have failed to mark the great increase in our list of American periodicals since the war closed; but I had hardly thought that the new projects were as numerous as you recently stated in THE ROUND TABLE. It has been often remarked—Pliny, I believe, being responsible for it at the start—that the cessation of great wars have been usually distinguished by the increase of intellectual activity, and we are likely to follow the precedents. Whatever the impelling cause, it seems powerless to direct new channels, and we can only fill the old ones with a greater volume. A hundred years ago we should probably have had new "essayists;" thirty years ago, new "annuals;" to-day we get new "magazines." It is the standard objection that this periodical writing is hurting literature; that it deteriorates style and scatters the mental energies; and such objections are urged afresh at short intervals, and have been under all the shapes that this supplementary literature has assumed. There has seemed for a hundred and fifty years at least—since the bounds of learning have been systematically distending—a necessity for some other medium of the lettered class with the public than that of books; and it has been filled, whether in one shape or another, without any deterioration of literature. Of course, its advantages have been perverted and its disadvantages made the most of. It has embodied the secular influence in matters of thought that used to belong to the clergy, and been, moreover, an improvement on the original condition. There is something incompatible with finished acceptance in the twain provinces, though there may be exceptional instances of the same individual possessing marked merit both in the pulpit and in the journalist's office. Dr. Peabody gave it as his experience that while clergymen prepared the best "copy" for the "North American," as far as exactness went, yet it almost invariably needed compression and an accession of pith. Habits of oral ministration have induced a proneness to free expatiation. Peter Bayne, speaking of his countrymen, says there are numerous instances of men who have failed as preachers succeeding greatly as journalists; and the reason is doubtless that of Dr. Peabody's on the other side of the question. Their natural habits of thought and expression readily fell into curt, crisp

emphatic utterance, which failed to be perspicuous in oral display, and of course attractive in the type. The same reasons acted to prevent Foster becoming as acceptable as a preacher as he was as an essayist, and rendered Dr. Arnold's career as a pulpit-minister of no corresponding value with his weight as an author. There is an art in professional enunciations of all kinds, as in the merest physical sleight-of-hand, that eludes the unpracticed follower even when he thinks it within his grasp. Lord Lyndhurst used to tell those who scoffed at the leading articles of the newspaper that they had better try and write one themselves. There was an article some years ago in the "North British Review," written evidently *ex cathedra*, in which it was held that of thousands of very clever people scarce one could be found who could write a really good review article, and it had been discovered that it was not by any means the best informed on a subject that could present it in the best light. The adept usually failed in all the little arts of selection, setting off, emphasizing, and illustration which the practiced journalist was alone fit master of. I doubt not there has never a magazine pursued a prosperous career, ready to call in any and every writer who promised well for it and himself, but could afford a parallel commentary.

With all this increase of periodical writing which has taken place in England, and is taking place here, it is hardly possible that we shall not, in time at least, have a full quantity of *periodicalists* (if the word be allowed) whose careers cannot be without use. It has become, indeed, already almost a necessity to authorship of a high class that the aspirant has been a graduate of this kind of university, and a *university* in the strict meaning of the term it assuredly is, more properly, perhaps, than such institutions as of themselves take the name.

The advantages are not clearly acknowledged of all, however. Prescott gave up the habit of writing for the "North American" as something very unsatisfactory, and, as for reviewing, he used to say that he did not see how anybody who had ever done that sort of thing could have a respect for it, and could look another reviewer in the face without laughing. Prof. Ticknor, in commenting on this, decides that his friend did right, and cites approvingly Mackintosh's advice to Tytler to abandon the practice; and thinks that De Tocqueville had something of an air of triumph when, near his end, he exclaimed, "I never in my life wrote a review." There is necessarily in all professional routines not a little of knack and some trick, which those accustomed to pursue the same end recognize in one another, with at times not a little divertisement, when seeing the efficacy of some device stale to them, but, if adroitly employed, as fresh as new-mown hay to the uninitiated. Even the least astute cannot fail to discover that a system of antithesis constitutes Macaulay's brilliancy; and that a seeming ingenuousness in Montaigne takes even the knowing ones captive. Devices of all kinds seem cheap to the joint copartnership that use them; but where they are not apparent outside they are only felt as one of the instruments of affording satisfaction.

Modern reviewing, as it first took form in "Griffith's Monthly" a hundred and twenty years ago, as the mere work of a reporter, synoptical and recapitulatory, would be even more desirable now than then in the vast increase of new books. When the system drew in a better class of writers, they rose above what they deemed drudgery, and became critical. The Edinburgh reviewers may be said to have first taken a further step in advance, and became judicial and dogmatic arbiters in refusing to note only such books as they deemed incisive or an incentive to something incisive in themselves. In becoming essayists they ceased to be reviewers. Coleridge accused them of taking a book just as some preachers search for a text for their completed sermon, and this was doubtless the truth. This being the established custom of the quarterlies, the old desire for some synoptical way of getting at the contents of new books again took shape in the precursors of the present literary weeklies of London, the *Literary Gazette* and others, which Coleridge charged with being set up for the purpose of advertising new books of all sorts for the circulating libraries—not a useless purpose, certainly, as he himself adds parenthetically. Exponents of all shades of literary opinion and stamps of literary handling, from the authoritative dissertations of the quarterlies to the "book notices" of a daily journal, would not exist as they do if not called for; and, being called for, need the consideration of all interested in public enlightenment. There was an age when the drama was the great source of esthetic enjoyment, and when Bacon—whose failure to mention the great master of that method among his cotemporaries has called so often for comment and deductions, both sage and wild—venturing upon addressing his cotemporaries on topics of practical

import, denominated his efforts "essays"—that is, attempts; and, with the change of the accent after two centuries of approval, they have come to be classed with the better poised essays of to-day. Then we had the age of conversation, when the critical dicta emanated from a window at Button's, and the coffee-house was the dispenser of wit and judgment. Then came the epistolary age, when the chance letter to a friend was so pointedly written never a soul but fathomed the artifice of getting into print, and all the scintillations of genius sparkled in the epigram and *vers de société*. But we have come at last upon the age of magazines—drama, talk, letters, verses have all given place to the encyclopediac scope of a periodical literature—not without the misgiving of many jealous of the good name of English literature. There has certainly been no other development of the subsidiary literature of the language, as apart from what constitutes books of the pretentious kind, that has admitted of such diversity, and even profundity, of treatment, or wealth of knowledge, as the present. Blackfriars or the Globe in Shakespeare's day; Dryden, Davenant, and the wits of that day; Addison and the "essayists;" the epistolary "copy" of Pope's day—all of them served the purpose for an interchange of opinion, as between coterie and coterie; but their influence, except as a mere amusement, was confined to the narrow limits of the then exclusive cultured circles. The bounds of knowledge in the present are so incomparably enlarged that of compulsion another instrumentality than the old was likewise necessary to convey its meaning, and the corresponding increase of the lettered classes called for wider recognition than mere schemes that grew out of, and were fitted to, other conditions of society. Hence the great system of periodical literature; and it has not grown up without laying its abettors open to the charge of superficiality, which was to be expected. The numerous encyclopediac devices which have marked the last half century have likewise, by cynical thinkers, been deemed the correlative of a dangerous degree of smattering knowledge in the literary body. The fact is, encyclopedias did not appear until there was a need of them; these are a convenience but not a necessity to the literati who have cultivated habits of literary research; but to the classes that have grown out of our widely-spread systems of education for the masses they are essential to their career. That these devices exist is not a sign that the learned have become less so, but that the unlearned class has in large degree ceased to exist; the commonalty have risen to the encyclopediac level, and not the learned fallen to it. Such is the ground De Quincey takes in one of his papers, and it seems eminently true.

There has been not a little diverse thought of late years in view of this spread of knowledge, and what is deemed a consequent superficiality of acquirement on the part of most. The question is not to be considered without first understanding all the concomitants. The bounds of learning when Pope delivered himself of his famous and much-trusted simile of the Pierian spring, were certainly quite different from those of to-day. It may be one question, if we are wiser from knowing more; but it is quite another, if to-day we should be wiser by restricting our vision. Pope, who made so convenient a couplet for the one side of the question, was not the best illustration of it himself. It has been held, not inaptly, that it was his want of excellence as a scholar that threw him on his native wit, and was thus the making of him. He tasted without drinking deep, and was, perhaps, the better for it: We are apt to trust too much to a figure of speech, and in this respect, at least, the mere taste gets the better of us. There are two opposite instances of this dangerous aid in the diverse uses Bulwer and Landor make of the same natural phenomenon. Landor wishes to convey a derogatory impression of superficial men, as that they have no depth to nourish an absorbing passion, and he puts it, "There are no whirlpools in a shallow." Bulwer turns it to his notion of the under value we put upon the surface of mental acquisitions compared with their depth, and suggests that "there may be more water in a flowing stream four feet deep than in a sullen pool thirty yards to the bottom." Pope's couplet was a very quotable one, and it has done more service than it deserved to do, or than any happy metaphor should do in a question of moment. De Quincey, with his usual fairness, has very well mapped out the circumstances when he says that generally it is best for the interests of knowledge that the scholar would aim at profundity; but it is better for the interests of the individual that he should aim at comprehensiveness. Here it seems to me we have the whole question, as lying between scholarship in the main and professional duties.

I seek to apply this proposition to a little book published by W. V. Spencer recently issued here, called

"Glimpses of History," by George M. Towle. I take the volume because a current one, and not that it is in any marked manner distinguishable from the mass of such books which the press is ever throwing off. Here we have a number of sketches on subjects all more or less of relationship to the latter-day progress of the race, culled from magazines, where they were first printed, and written with more than an average degree of skill, both as pertains to the style and to the setting forth of its aims. There is hardly a marked thought throughout the volume, and certainly no recondite learning; but just the level of a cultured gentleman of our times, too well informed upon the surface development of the day to be at loss with an allusion, and just well enough grounded to be able to follow the special student who goes below the surface. To say that this is the character of much of our magazine writing is not untrue; to say that it were better it were otherwise, opens a question that I think De Quincey very desirably determines. So good a scholar as Dr. Arnold advises a friend in this wise: "Keep your view of men and things extensive, and, depend upon it, a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one." I took occasion in a recent letter to exemplify how the question of the "classics" as a curriculum for a liberal education is coming up afresh in the community, with a diversity of views—the preponderance, however, against them—which is leading to discussions that cannot fail of results in the end. It is certainly a matter of great moment to scholarship whether our universities can best serve their best end by keeping abreast of literature and art in their marked accordance with the reigning purposes of learning, or by lagging behind like a counterpoise. I leave the matter here for this week.

We have had an auction this last week of a catalogue of books, some 1,100 titles, comprised largely of super-fine and large-paper copies, small editions, and privately-printed books, attended prominently by "brokers" and those interested in sustaining the very high prices now ruling for such things. I do not know a better instance of the demoralizing influence of bibliomania in the glorification of type above matter than the sight of a bidder who will pass by Bohn's edition of Lowndes, and buy Pickering's, not at a less—which could be understood, on economic grounds—but at a greater price. But there is no talking with a bibliomaniac who despises reason.

I can only chronicle this week the appearance of Little, Brown & Co.'s print of the second volume of Rives's "Life of Madison."

There was an error in the last Boston letter, attributing the article in the "North American" on art to Russell Sturgis, Jr., of Boston. The writer was a gentleman of the same name, architect, of New York.

Roberts Brothers issue this week two little square volumes—one, a London print of Butler's "Hudibras," with wood-cuts; the other, Jean Ingelow's "Stories Told to a Child," very prettily gotten up, of which more another time. The same house are just putting to press Mr. Alger's book, which has been already announced, on "The Solitudes of Nature and Man." I understand the author has proceeded independently of Zimmermann, and says in his preface that his work was written before he read his predecessor's famous book. I conjecture the volume is in a large degree illustrative of the solitary moods of famous men, and framed in a measure upon instances where this condition has affected the character and growth of men. It is also reported that he is to follow this work up with one of a somewhat complementary nature, upon the "Friendships of Eminent Characters." Both are certainly themes that can be treated pleasantly. Miss Luyster, who wrote a paper on Mad. Récamier in the "Atlantic" (Oct., 1864), is engaged in translating the "Life and Letters" of that character, Mrs. Howe having felt it necessary to decline the task. The same house are just beginning to reprint Sarah Tytler's "Sweet Counsel," a book for girls, from an advance copy. The London illustrated edition of Jean Ingelow's poems, which the Dalziels have been long engaged on, is now completed, all but the printing. It contains over eighty illustrations. W.

LONDON.

LONDON, Feb. 14, 1866.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE day on which I write to you—named for Valentine, a Roman martyr of the third century, who, seeing a young man and maid slyly kissing, thanked heaven that some Christian love was left on earth, and so became the saint of lovers—is one of national importance in England. I do not refer to the strewing of shops and tables with valentines thick as autumn leaves, but to the substantial sum realized by the post-office. It is indeed said that Sir Rowland Hill, when he advocated and secured the penny-

postage and the abolition of restrictions as to inclosures, foresaw the valentine movement which would be inaugurated. The post-office returns for St. Valentine's day last year were startling; of course, we cannot yet tell what they will be this year. I should say, while giving the above interpretation of St. Valentine's day, that the scholars, who never will leave popular legends alone, find that there was before Christ a pagan celebration of the same day of the year much like that which now obtains.

EDUCATION IN THE KINGDOM.

Ten per cent. of the men who married in Scotland in the year 1863 and 20.35 of the women had to sign the register by making their mark. In England, in the same year, 23.07 per cent. of the men married and 33.03 per cent. of the women signed by mark. The Scotch maintain that it is only in those districts where the Irish element prevails among them that the proportion of those who cannot write at marriageable age runs so high. The registrar of Scotland reports that the superstition that Saturday is an unlucky day is so widespread that "no Scotchman will begin any kind of work on a Saturday if he can avoid it; he fears he should not live to finish it. A Scotchman will not marry on a Saturday; he apprehends that one or other of the parties would not live out the year, or that the marriage would be unfruitful." New Year's eve is favored in Scotland as the day for marriage to such an extent as that the average of marriages on that day is over a thousand above that of any other day; but when New Year's eve falls on Saturday the marriage register is only saved from being a blank by some English or alien residents who ignore the superstition. The statistics of illegitimacy are highest in Scotland and lowest in Ireland; but this is partly explained by the fact that every fallen woman in Ireland is hunted out of her neighborhood, and generally seeks an English or Scotch city. The majority of prostitutes in Liverpool are said to be Irish.

THE AMERICAN LECTURESHIP AT CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. H. Yates Thompson's offer of the endowment of an American lectureship at Cambridge University is to be accepted. The plan is to give every two years one hundred and fifty pounds for a series of lectures upon American institutions, literature, or history—to be delivered every two years—the lecturer on each occasion to be selected by the faculty of Harvard University, subject to the veto of the vice-chancellor of Cambridge University, England. The project has been received with the warmest applause throughout the country. Professor Charles Kingsley gave it a hearty support, and so did other eminent gentlemen in the meeting of the senate at Cambridge last Saturday evening. A certain Mr. Dodd spoke loudly in the Dedlock vein—accusing it of being a John Bright scheme, a menace to English institutions, and predicted riots. But his harangue was received with general laughter. Until one has carefully observed how extensively all the centers of influence and leaders of authority in Great Britain are supplied directly from these universities, and how terrible is the ignorance in them concerning American affairs, he cannot appreciate fully the almost revolutionary importance of this new movement. If the estrangements between America and England are ever healed, a large share of the credit may be awarded to a thoughtful youth who, having graduated at Cambridge went to America, and then discovering the ignorance of his young countrymen concerning the western republic, has begun immediately on his return a crusade against international darkness. It is understood that a similar lectureship will be founded at Harvard University, to be filled by English lecturers. Mr. Motley has been named in connection with the first series.

LITERARY NOTES.

Sir John Bowring, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," gives some interesting facts concerning Hungarian literature. A century ago the Hungarian spirit appeared to be dead. The language of literature was Latin, of society German, while the Magyar was used by the peasantry alone. Though Slavonian was and is the idiom of some millions of the inhabitants, it had scarcely a representative in the printing-press. The book statistics of Hungary are instructive. Its Magyar catalogue consists of 80,000 volumes; 916 works were printed before A.D. 1600; in the seventeenth century 1,750 appeared; from 1700 to 1740, 700. Then came thirty years when the national existence seemed about to perish, and only 40 works issued from the press. The days of despondency passed, and literature resumed its vitality; and from the beginning of the present century, independently of works published by Hungarians in other languages, the Magyar press has given to the world of letters an annual average of 800 volumes, embracing every department of the literary field. Sir John Bowring is engaged in translating the works of the Hungarian poet Petöfi.

King John of Saxony under the pseudonym of "Phil-

alethes," has published the third and last volume of his annotated translation of the "Divina Commedia" of Dante. Mr. John Dayman's translation, "in terza rima," of the same, published lately by Longman, is finding favor with English scholars. The Dantesque spirit and intensity with which the famous intertransformation of the thief and the monster reptile is rendered makes it worthy of presentation here:

"While yet on them I fix my staring eyes,
Behold! a reptile with six feet hath sprung
Fastening on one, that front to front applies.
With middle feet around the paunch it clung,
His arms it grappled with the foremost two,
Then either cheek with poisoned fanglets stung.

"Its rearward feet sprawl'd o'er his thighs, and through
Their fork its penetrative tail was thrown,
Which up his reins behind it curling drew.
Not bearded ivy round the tree hath grown
Rooting so close as that fell worm between
Another's limbs implicit writhed its own.
Then they, as both of heated wax had been,
Commingling, fused in one, their colors blent:
What either were in neither now was seen.

"Already joined of two became one head,
While double lineaments of diverse mold
One single face, where both was lost, o'erspread;
The arms, a pair, had sinew'd lines fourfold;
The thighs, the legs, the belly and the chest,
Turn'd members such as man doth ne'er behold;
Their all original aspect suppress'd,
That warped image both and neither seemed,
And such to crawl its laggard step addressed."

Some slang words are, it seems, more venerable than we think. In John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testament" (London, 1656) we read: "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came hither." John Trapp's commentary is a favorite work with Mr. Spurgeon.

R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, has lately produced an interesting volume of parliamentary sketches.

ARTS AND ARTISTS.

Mr. Desmond Ryan, editor of the *Musical World*, who also has benefit concerts at which leading artists sing for the most part gratuitously, has obtained an amount equal to \$750 as damages against Mr. Wood, editor of the *Orchestra*, for libel in charging him (Ryan) with paying the artists who sing at his concerts by praising them in his journal. Mr. Howard Glover has a suit against Mr. Wood of the same kind which is not yet decided. Mr. Sothern is also going to law against the "Spiritual Magazine" for publishing what he calls a libel, giving an account of his (Sothern's) pranks as the chief of the "Miracle Circle" in New York. The writer of the article in the magazine, who is understood to be a Mr. Cooper, writes to the *Times* that he is prepared to go to law with Mr. Sothern and prove his every point.

A number of ladies, occupying a high social position, have formed a society for the express purpose of improving the condition of the members of the *corps de ballet*. In order to become a member of the institution established for the benefit of her profession, the dancer is to deposit in the nearest post-office savings bank a sum not less than one shilling a fortnight. The committee of ladies, on the other hand, are endeavoring to raise a fund out of which they propose to pay a percentage upon the deposits equal to and in addition to that allowed by the government. The members will thus receive double interest on their savings, while, as an encouragement to provident habits, frugality is made an indispensable condition of membership. It is hoped that the fund will be sufficient to afford extra assistance in the event of sickness or distress, and when the dancer is compelled by advancing years to retire, it is proposed to maintain her for three months, during which time she is to be taught some branch of female industry.

The French budget for the current year contains an item of 257,000 francs for assistance and encouragement given to artists and writers and their families; further, a sum of 315,000 francs for the annual art exhibitions, 200,000 francs for the festivities of the 15th of August, 1,100,000 francs for the preservation of historical works of art. The "Tantièmes" paid during the last year to the dramatic authors and composers by the Paris theaters amounted to 1,295,188 francs, about 76,000 francs less than the year before. Five theaters receive a subvention from government, amounting together to 1,500,000 francs. The Conservatoire receives 222,000 francs.

The excavations in Selinunt, the ancient Phœnician Solunt, near Palermo, have been recommenced under the direction of Signor Cavallari, the eminent archaeologist. Three ancient streets, among them probably the principal street of the ancient town, have been laid open. A number of glass vessels, partly ornamented and inscribed with Greek legends, have been placed in the Museum of Palermo, which will soon be further enriched by a

beautiful Etruscan collection, bought at Siena for 38,000 francs, and a collection of terra-cotta vases excavated at Terranova, the ancient Gela, and acquired for the sum of 12,000 francs.

The *Nord*, in describing Count Montalivet's villa at Nice, mentions that in one room is a bust of Napoleon I. by Canova, presented by the Emperor to the father of Louis Philippe's minister. Opposite is the bust of Louis Philippe, a gift from the King himself, and near it a marine piece by Godin from the Duke of Aumale. On a table lies a magnificently bound copy of the "Life of Cæsar," presented by the author.

A well-known French artist, Bouvin, has hanged himself on account of the distress in which he and his family had for some time been plunged. It is reported that before committing the deed he said that perhaps his death would give his children the bread he could not give them while he lived.

A play, by M. Glais-Bizoin, the opposition deputy, is interdicted by the censure. It will be brought out at Geneva. The title is, "Un vrai Courage; ou, un Duel en Trois Parties."

A statue of the Empress Josephine is about to be erected in the avenue of that name which extends to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

Goethe's "Clavigo," translated into Greek, has been performed at the Royal Theater of Athens by students.

It is stated upon authority that the grant of a pension to Lady Eastlake was entirely spontaneous on the part of her Majesty, whose pleasure in the matter was communicated by Earl Russell to Lady Eastlake. M. D. C.

COMMUNICATIONS.

PROPOSE vs. PURPOSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I cannot see that Prof. Atkinson's strictures affect my position at all. Our ancestors found occasion to express the two meanings of the Latin *proponere*, viz., "to put before as an aim" and "to put before as a subject for choice," and they gave their derivatives varying forms to express one sense or the other, namely, *purpose* in the first instance and *propose* in the second. Dr. Richardson, in his dictionary (art. *propone* and *purpose*), recognizes this "difference of application," and cites examples from Wycliffe down. This distinction is a convenient one, and the "recent" confounding of the two seems to me needless and perplexing. Prof. Atkinson says he is supported by "general" usage; but that is a different thing from *reputable* use, the lexicographer's gauge. I don't mean to say that "reputable" writers may not be found in league with the commonality in this case; but until the dictionaries admit the meaning, and admit it, too, without the qualification, "recent use," there will be, doubtless, "nice," if not "wise," members of the literary guild who will rather stand by traditional use, when reputable, than give in to a "general" usage. I recognize the inevitable and perhaps necessary change of our tongue with the generations passing by as well as my critic; and our only trouble seems to be in deciding in unison when that change has fully taken place. Fifty years hence his confusion may be deemed "reputable," and my distinction pedantic; but not now. Reputable writers can, by persistency, make "general" use classic; and I am willing to recognize such lexicographical pioneers in Dr. Palfrey, Prof. Atkinson, and the "North American Review" (see Jan. number, p. 136). But a high degree of civilization usually follows at an interval after such explorations.

YOUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

WHERE WAS RICHARD CROMWELL BURIED?

NEW YORK, February 26, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Allow me to correct a statement of your Philadelphia correspondent in his letter of the 20th inst. In speaking of Richard Cromwell he states that he died and is buried at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. Where Richard Cromwell died I do not know; but he is buried at Hursley, in Hants, and there is a monumental tablet to his memory on the wall of the tower of the church there.

"Hursley Park" was formerly in the possession of Richard Cromwell, from whom, or from whose children, it was purchased by the Heathcotes after the Restoration, and is now occupied by Sir Wm. Heathcote, Bart., M.P. for Oxford University. It may be interesting to some of your readers if I add that the vicar of Hursley is the Rev. John Kehle, M.A., the well-known (and may I not say well appreciated) author of the "Christian Year,"

and that the proceeds of sale of this work were devoted to the rebuilding of the church at Hursley.

Yours very truly,

W. W. DELANCEY.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Permit me, in behalf of American authors, to thank you heartily for the interest you are taking and the efforts you are making to have an international copyright law passed, which shall secure justice alike to English and American writers. The times are ripe for it, and the only obstacle in the way is the pecuniary interest of those English and American publishers who have profited, and who hope to keep profiting, by the republication of works for which they do not pay the authors and compilers. These great firms can and will spend money to stop the passage of any such law; not so the authors; they have neither means nor organization to influence Congress corruptly, nor would they do it if they could. It may interest you and your readers to know that a movement is on foot to bring public opinion to bear on these great publishing houses in a way which will tell. The programme embraces the following points:

1. The circulation of a pledge among American authors not to write a line for any publishing firm which actively opposes the passage of an international copyright law. If only one third of the authors of the country should sign such a pledge, that fact of itself would be a damaging blow to the offending firm or firms. Even those writers who would not sign would be restrained by a wholesome public opinion from patronizing a notoriously piratical publishing concern.

2. An appeal will also be made to the press of the country not to notice the publications or republications of firms who thus discourage American literature. Efforts are also to be made to induce retailers of books all through the country not to buy or sell the publications of the offending houses.

3. The reading public are to be called upon not to buy the books published by the pirating firms. These appeals are to be kept up incessantly until these great houses see they will lose more than they can make by opposing an international copyright act.

It may also interest the reading public to know that an association, to be known as the "Friends of American Letters," has just been formed, the objects of which may be inferred from its title. It will embrace authors and journalists from all parts of the country, who, for a common object, can act in a thousand ways upon public opinion.

Yours,

INCOGNITO.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, Feb. 26, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: As a late letter from Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the eminent artist and art critic, gives some information which will doubtless interest a certain class of your readers, and which it will be no breach of confidence to make public, I gladly furnish it for your paper.

Mr. Hamerton has now in press a second edition of his delightful work, "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands." Under this title in the former edition are two volumes, the first describing his romantic camp-life as a landscape painter, and the second being a series of essays called "Thoughts on Art." In the new edition these will be severed, and published separately under their appropriate names. These books will be followed by another volume, which Mr. Hamerton has in course of preparation, on "Etching and Etchers." As he writes a good deal for the principal English periodicals, he is gradually accumulating valuable matter for future works. Mr. Hamerton is now settled at Pré-Charmay, Autun, Saône-et-Loire, in France, where he is ardently laboring with both pen and pencil.

I may, perhaps, be pardoned if I suggest that it would be well for some enterprising American bookseller to keep this able author's productions on his shelves. It is quite clear that the cultivated portion of our people are as much interested in art as the same class in England, and really useful works on this subject are not a drug in the market. Hamerton's "Camp" shows in a very entertaining way how an artist can live and work and enjoy himself in a wild region, far from home, without the help of inns and inn-keepers. No one, I venture to say, has read his "Thoughts on Art" without enjoyment and profit. As a practical work it is superior to Ruskin, and, though it makes no pretensions to the style and scope of that author, its subjects, which are vastly entertaining and important, are handled with a freshness and vigor and knowledge and manliness that is exceedingly

stimulating and refreshing. It gives the mature conclusions of a genuine artist who has worked out the problem of art in many of its bearings for himself. I am sure that there are thousands in our country who would greatly enjoy this book if it were placed within their reach.

Very truly yours,

H. N. POWERS.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE effect of the Lenten season upon the opera has been visible in occasional thin houses and an unusual rarity of those crowded houses which marked the earlier portions of the season. The performances, however, have been uniformly excellent. "Don Sebastian" and "L'Africaine" have given excellent ideas of the type of grand opera, and "Crispino," "Martha," and "Sonnambula" have represented the lighter class. In "Favorita," Mr. Maretzek has introduced a new mezzo soprano, Carmelita Poch, an artiste of signal merit and long stage experience, and one whose rich voice at once delighted the public. A new baritone, Brandini, and a new buffo, Sarti, have also been received with favor.

AT Mr. Jerome's private theater there was, recently, an interesting operatic performance of Donizetti's "Linda," introducing, in Miss Hauck, a new prima donna. This young lady is of German parentage, but, we presume, may be called an American vocalist. She sung with creditable skill and taste for one so young, and was supported by professional Italian singers of distinction. The performance was given for the purpose of securing the means of sending Miss Hauck abroad to finish her education in Europe.

CONCERTS have been somewhat scarce of late. Robert Goldbeck, an accomplished resident professor and pianist, has given several soirées at Steinway's rooms, at which his own compositions, both vocal and instrumental, were produced to the acceptance of the audience and the furtherance of his own musical reputation. Mr. Goldbeck also played classical music at his concerts, and played it well.

MR. KENNEDY, the Scotch vocalist, announces his farewell tour in Scotland, previous to his "departure for America."

A SUBSCRIPTION has been started in London for the erection of a plain marble monument over the remains of the late George Linley, in Kensal Green Cemetery.

AGATHA STATES, the American prima, has been singing in Madrid with good success, although under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, as the singers supporting her were inefficient or unpopular.

LAURA HARRIS is also meeting with favor in Madrid; and two other American vocalists, Vanzini and Morensi, are doing well in Copenhagen.

THE boy choir system, now becoming so popular here, has also received a sudden impulse in the parish churches of England. The *Orchestra*, in a late number, says that "the use of the surplice, once so abhorrent to Protestant eyes, is now bringing a large revenue to our national church. A choir service, and a procession up the middle aisle of the church in white robes, although of no pecuniary results to the church composer, never fails of realizing a large annual income. It is better than pew rents."

MONGINI, the tenor, has been engaged for Her Majesty's Theater, London, at a salary of \$3,000 (gold) per month.

LEVY, the cornet player, has returned to England and announces his "immense success" in America.

MORENSI, the contralto, has gone to Copenhagen, where she has sung with brilliant success as *Azucena* in "Trovatore."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the "lion-pianist," as he used to be called, is in Paris. He is getting to be gray-haired.

SIMS REEVES's fee for singing at a concert is thirty guineas.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—James Louis Petigru. A biographical sketch. By William J. Grayson. 1866. Pp. 178. Agnes. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1866. Pp. 202. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—Snow-bound: A Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1866. Pp. 52. ALEXANDER STRAHAN, New York.—The Parables, Read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1866. Pp. 304. D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Letters of a Life. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 1866. Pp. 414. The Origin of the Late War: Traced from the Beginning of the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States. By George Lunt. 1:66. Pp. 435. T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Jealousy. By George Sand. 1866. Pp. 304. IYSON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., New York.—Spencerian Key to Practical Penmanship. By H. C. Spencer. 1866. Pp. 176.

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 OFFICE, 144 and 146 BROADWAY,
 Cor. of Liberty Street.

Cash Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, \$14,885,278 83

Number of Policies issued in 1865, 8,600, insuring.....\$31,394,407 00
 In Force February 1, 1866, 25,727 Policies, insuring... 83,413,933 00
 Dividend Addition to same 7,830,925 92
\$91,344,888 92

STATEMENT FOR YEAR.

JANUARY 31, 1866.

The Net Assets Feb. 1, 1865.....\$11,709,414 63

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For premiums and policy fees:
 Original on new policies.....\$1,154,066 94
 Renewals.....1,818,654 82
 War extras and annuities, 15,438 64—\$2,988,150 40
 Interest:
 On bonds and mortgages, 361,752 88
 U. S. Stocks.....352,329 52
 Premium on gold.....94,999 66—600,082 06
 Rent.....55,833 34—\$3,553,065 80
Total.....\$15,652,480 43

Disbursements as follows:
 Paid claims by death and additions to same.....\$712,823 71
 Paid matured Endowment Policies and additions.....30,999 52
 Paid post-mortem Dividends, Dividends surrendered, and reduction of Premium.....58,730 87
 Paid surrendered Policies.....190,691 40
 Paid annuities.....10,342 55
 Paid Taxes.....38,076 53
 Paid Expenses, including Exchange, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, and sundry office expenses.....174,310 94
 Paid Commissions, and for purchase of Commissions accruing on future premiums.....334,255 12—1,540,130 63

Net Cash Assets, Jan. 31, 1866.....\$14,112,340 85

Invested as follows:
 Cash on hand and in Bank.....\$1,475,899 82
 Bonds and Mortgages.....7,348,632 30
 U. S. Stocks (cost).....4,468,921 25
 Real Estate.....782,307 34
 Balance due by Agents.....36,599 11—\$14,112,340 85
 Add:
 Interest accrued but not due.....\$112,000 00
 Interest due and unpaid.....5,084 73
 Deferred Premiums and Premiums due, but not yet received.....655,844 30—772,929 03

Gross Assets, Jan. 31, 1866.....\$14,885,278 83
 Increase in Net Cash Assets for the Year.....\$2,312,935 17

THE GROSS ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:

Reserve to reinsure outstanding policies, including dividend additions to same.....\$11,503,996 63
 Claims ascertained and unpaid (not due).....122,750 00
 Dividend additions to same.....23,497 64
 Post-mortem dividends (uncalled for).....29,931 73
 Premiums paid in advance.....11,065 48
 Undivided surplus (excluding a margin on the above Reserves of over \$1,000,000).....218,649 42
 Dividend of 1865.....\$2,975,388 58
 Gross Assets, Feb. 1, 1866, as above.....\$14,885,278 83
 N. B.—The reserve to reinsure outstanding policies and additions (\$11,503,996 63), as above, includes a margin of \$1,000,000 over and above the net values, at four per cent. interest, so that the total undivided surplus exceeds \$1,200,000.

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 ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1866, 4,067,455 80
 LIABILITIES, 244,391 43

LOSSES PAID IN 45 YEARS, \$17,485,894 71.

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 SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1866, 205,969 88

TOTAL ASSETS, \$705,969 88

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